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Quebec: What Now?

The October crisis has passed. We survived it. Now we must think about its effects. We must ask, with these two Quebeckers, one a separatist, one a federalist: Can we survive the aftermath?

BY PETER DESBARATS



Normand Caron joined the Parti Québecois in September, 1969, after several years as an active member of Quebec's small New Democratic Party. He is now director of the Parti Quebécois' program committee in his own riding. He is 25, married with two children and he lives in a modern, middle-income subdivision at St. Basile-le-Grand southeast of Montreal, within easy commuting distance of the city. Born in Montreal, he received his bachelor's degree at Université de Montréal and his master's in sociology from McGill in 1968. He works as director of research for Association Coopérative d'Economie Familiale (ACEF), a Montreal agency supported by co-operatives, credit unions, labor unions and federal and provincial governments to assist poor families with financial problems. The agency has been successful in many court actions against finance companies and high-pressure salesmanship.

This is the way Normand Caron reacted to the FLQ crisis:

I was very surprised at first but also, like many Québécois, sympathetic toward those who had taken part in the kidnappings. I suppose there was a certain amount of romanticism in my reaction, but it was more than that. When they (the government) were forced to read the FLQ manifesto over television, I thought that was quite an achievement.

I was in favor of negotiating with the FLQ. The lives of James Cross and Pierre Laporte were more important than political principle. In any case, the political system we live under is, to some extent, arbitrary and anti-democratic, and it's not really ours, it isn't Québécois. It's pointless to sacrifice a man for that.

The crisis forced a lot of people to think and this will lead us eventually to a transformation of Quebec institutions. Of course, this is the interpretation of one who wants to change things in Quebec. The FLQ will not be able to overthrow these institutions but the people, because of the FLQ, may be led to change these institutions. Québécois are starting to ask serious questions, collectively. Eventually this will take the form of political action, in another year or so, and then we'll see great changes. In the long run, everything works in our favor. The current crisis will only accelerate the trend.

Of course there are many things about the FLQ that disturb me. The assassination of Laporte was a little like the assassination of Kennedy. There are many questions about this that I can't answer right now. The main thing that bothers me is that the FLQ is a clandestine organization over which I have no control. It's a kind of cancer within our changing society, developing rapidly, uncontrollable. This is what makes me afraid. If it grows, it negates my own political action.

Trudeau's conduct during the crisis was erratic and emotional. He is supposed to be a "cool guy" but he behaved like a spoiled child. He played the same game as the FLQ. His position was almost as violent. He indulged in demagoguery on television and tried to terrify the people. Trudeau played a game that will surely turn against him some day. He used a sledgehammer to kill a fly when he brought in the War Measures Act.

Robert Bourassa is finished politically — he lacked the courage to be a true statesman and to say to Ottawa, "We'll handle the problem here." In a sense, Bourassa killed Laporte by sacrificing him to an outdated political structure.

The people of Quebec today are "all sails and no rudder," as we say. There is no leadership. Fundamental social problems are ignored. And many members of the Parti Québécois are asking themselves now: is political action enough? Will it be necessary some day to do more? Maybe... but right now there is a job to do. I still have some idealism — some faith that it is possible to transform society democratically. □



Jean Leman is a strong Quebec federalist. Since 1957 he has been mayor of Candiac, a model Montreal suburb on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River with a population of about 5,000. He is also president of the local school board and a member of Lignery Regional School Board, which has

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Before the crisis . . . a Quebec of rising expectations amid deteriorating economic conditions

QUEBEC IS NOT just a province unlike the others — *pas comme les autres* in the favorite euphemism of the Sixties Quebec is a potential disaster area — economically, socially and politically.

The most shocking revelation of the October crisis was the frightening instability of Quebec's political structure in the face of a challenge by a small, badly organized and poorly financed conspiracy. In a more stable society, the kidnappings of James Cross and Pierre Laporte would have met with public indignation and efficient police action. They would have strengthened the government's moral authority. The opposite occurred in Quebec. Many French-speaking Quebeckers were sympathetic to the aims of the FLQ, many supported the tactic of political kidnapping up to the point of Laporte's death. The police bungled almost every aspect of the investigation. And the government's real authority, its influence over the minds of its citizens, proved so insubstantial that Quebec's most respected newspaper editor, Claude Ryan of *Le Devoir*, seriously considered the alternative of a provisional government of "national unity." If the kidnappings had occurred in Ottawa or Toronto, would the most conservative editorialists in those cities have considered a provisional government? That Ryan did is more revealing about Quebec than a hundred editorials.

What's wrong with this province?

In the Sixties, Quebec's political establishment, led by such forceful premiers as Jean Lesage and Daniel Johnson and Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau, created the impression that Quebec's problems were being tackled

about 6,000 French-speaking students at the secondary level. Born in a wealthy family (his father was president of one of French Canada's two banks, Banque Canadienne Nationale), he was educated at Jesuit colleges in Montreal before being sent to Boston College and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He finished his education with two years of study at Ecole des Sciences Politiques in Paris. During the Second World War, he was chief industrial engineer for Canadair at Montreal. After the war, he became vice-president of North American Utilities, a holding company representing French and Belgian interests, which bought up large tracts of suburban land near Montreal. The municipality of Candiac, created in 1957, is situated on land developed by North American Utilities, from which Jean Leman retired in 1965.

This is the way Jean Leman reacted to the FLQ crisis:

My first reaction? I was horrified, worried. I had news from friends in Quebec to the effect that the FLQ planned something drastic, like blowing up all the power lines, or a general strike. They were more than rumors. Hydro Quebec was very worried about the power lines.

I don't think that the threat was exaggerated at all. The one thing I was concerned about was that they would give in to the demands of the FLQ. Then there would be no end to it.

I was a friend of Pierre Laporte's. I had many dealings with him when he was Minister of Municipal Affairs, in the early Sixties. His death was a tragic occurrence, but if you give in to the FLQ once there's no reason why you wouldn't give in again and again.

The FLQ — they're a group of misdirected people. There are too many misguided teachers who spread all these ideas. It's right through the whole teaching profession, a widespread disease. They've gained too much too quickly through their union. They're overpaid and lazy. As a group, of course — I'm not speaking about the teachers under my own board.

The effect of all this is going to be tragic. When Bourassa was elected last spring, there was a change in the attitude of industries interested in coming to Quebec. We reentered negotiations with many of them in our municipality. Since this happened, they're saying, "Well, we're sorry. It's no use talking." And existing industries have canceled or postponed plans for expansion.

Last weekend, I went to a small town in the country with some young friends, relatives, a girl and a boy. They are both separatists but they are disgusted now with the movement. I think that the foolish ones will become even more foolish and the less foolish will get out of the movement. The FLQ will gain strength among the more radical. The Parti Québécois is finished. It's finished because the people know that all PQ aren't FLQ but all FLQ are PQ. The people associate them too closely. I would say that 80% of Québécois feel this way. It's my impression that a lot of separatists are having grave second thoughts.

All these unilingualists and separatists are losing track of the fact that Québécois don't have the capital here that the English have. Why they don't is a matter of history. But we do have one big advantage. Most of us are bilingual. The fact that they are now trying to lose this advantage of ours doesn't even make sense. And eventually — I'm sure of it — they're going to succeed in this, in having French as a working language. And when that happens, all the French Canadians who are bilingual will lose the advantage that they now have, and the unilingual ones won't gain a thing. A working language working in French but having no work!

I think that Trudeau has done a splendid job. Bourassa? With a few more years of experience, he would have reacted more quickly. He was slow to react but that was understandable. I was very pleased when they took the action that they did. They had no choice. □

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energetically Now the FLQ has forced everyone to see how superficial the achievements really were Rising expectations amid deteriorating conditions—that was the real picture in Quebec in the last half of the Sixties, and that is the reason why the province is more unstable now than when the "quiet revolution" began in 1960

The economic roots of the crisis are obvious After a brief spurt ahead in the first half of the Sixties, prodded by heavy public spending on Expo 67, Quebec's economy started to slump in 1967 Since then, the average annual rate of unemployment has risen from a 1966 low of 4 7% to 6 1% last year Today, four out of every 10 unemployed Canadian workers are Quebeckers, and every time Quebec finds jobs for two new workers, a third joins the ranks of the unemployed Forecasts for this winter range from 11% to more than 15% unemployed Manpower department officials in Ottawa estimate that there will be at least 292,000 people without work in Quebec by February

Economic weakness isn't the only source of trouble in Quebec, but every Quebec problem is aggravated by economics For instance, it would be difficult in a period of prosperity for Quebec society to cope with the hordes of graduates now emerging from its revamped system of education the first educated *generation* of Québécois in history But if Quebec is unable to employ this group effectively, it will become a monster capable of destroying its creators And that is exactly what has started to happen The configuration of national unemployment statistics bulges ominously at the younger age levels in September, 11 7% of the under-25 labor force was unemployed The federal Department of Labor estimates that 48,000 graduates of Quebec's new CEGEPS (community colleges) will be unable to find jobs next June appropriate to their training—if they find jobs at all



' If Quebec is unable to employ its students, they will become a monster capable of destroying their creators''

The students themselves are partly responsible When higher education became widely available in the Sixties, Quebec students poured into the traditional arts courses of the old elite Far too few entered science engineering and commerce This imbalance will right itself eventually, but it illustrates how old attitudes continue to affect the efficiency of new systems, a phenomenon even more evident in Quebec politics

The average Québécois has never participated in the democratic system imposed on him originally by the British He didn't invent it, he's done little to change it and he doesn't really believe in it It isn't surprising that the system hasn't functioned well as Québécois slowly took it into their own hands, that corruption has flourished among politicians and cynicism among their constituents

Montreal's civic administration is the best example—or the worst—of the way democracy doesn't work in Quebec In the early Sixties, it was reformed to promote a two-party parliamentary structure But genuine political organizations had never existed in Montreal at the municipal level, and it proved impossible to wish them into existence Into the vacuum moved the predictable strong man—in this case fortunately a capable one Jean Drapeau

There is little commitment to the system in the senior levels of government in Quebec Premiers and cabinet ministers have speculated freely and publicly about alternative systems, particularly a presidential one that would enable them to select men for their cabinets without having to bother about elections One of the most important ministers in the previous Quebec government, former Education Minister Jean - Guy Cardinal, was drafted into the cabinet long before he faced an election Even more revealing is the case of a former civil servant, Jean Cournoyer appointed to the Union Nationale cabinet earlier this year as Minister without Portfolio, defeated in the election last spring and recently named to succeed the late Pierre Laporte as Labor Minister in the Liberal cabinet

Some time in the future, freedom from tradition may give Quebecois an opportunity to adapt government to their special needs In the meantime as the FLQ crisis showed governments in Quebec rest on sand When pressure mounts they have a tendency, if the leader is weak to disintegrate (the Bourassa phenomenon), or if the leader is an authoritarian figure, to solidify into a mindless mass (the Drapeau reflex)

Quebec's economic and political weaknesses are rooted in history, not so much the "100 years of injustice" proclaimed by the separatists as 200 years of neglect Much of the responsibility belongs to Quebec's English-speaking minority, past and present. Unlike Canadians outside the province English-speaking Quebeckers know exactly what Quebecois want — because they still have it The continuing economic superiority of English-speaking Montrealers and the dominance of English as the "money language" of the province is one of the most persistent sources of discontent in Quebec Impatience over this is mounting much faster than the slow, painful and rather unsuccessful attempts of the English to adapt to new conditions It would be wrong to say that nothing has been accomplished in the past decade measured against the old Quebec of cheap labor and blatant political corruption, the achievements are obvious But the standard that Quebec has been encouraged to measure itself against today is the progressive Canada of the Seventies and, more specifically, Ontario

Progress itself has now become one of the main roots of conflict In the early Sixties, for example the Gaspé area was selected for a massive federal-provincial program of social animation and economic planning For several years, young "animators" from the cities encouraged the farmers and fishermen of the peaceful Gaspé to examine their own society and formulate ideas for improving it At the same time, the economists worked on an elaborate development plan So far, in terms of employment and standards of living the results have been nil But the social animation has been a roaring success Seventeen parish priests from the Gaspé warned the Quebec government in November that an "unfortunate confrontation within a relatively short time" could be expected in their region

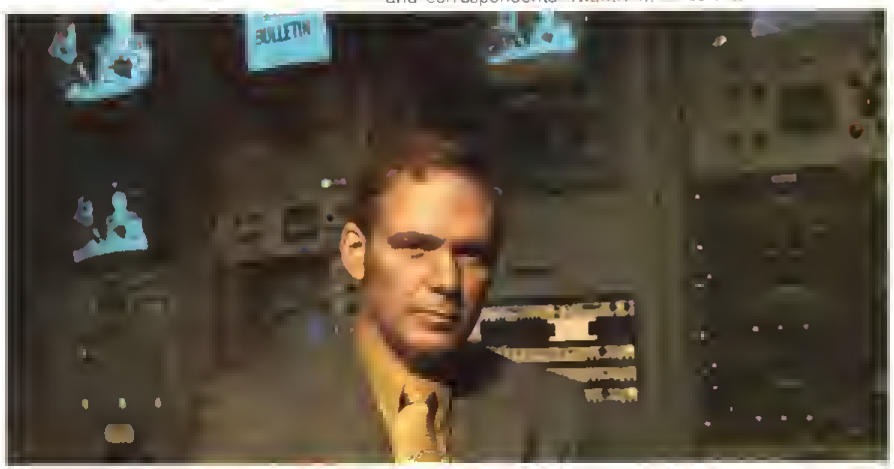
The Québécois who reached out to grasp the promises of the Sixties will not accept the performance of the Seventies, if this first year of the decade is any indication with consequences for the rest of the country that now have been glimpsed by everyone ☐



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After the crisis . . . a Quebec more divided, conservative and dangerous than it was before

THE GOVERNMENTS in Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal emerged from the Quebec kidnapping crisis with impressive short-term gains. More than four out of five Canadians approved of Prime Minister Trudeau's handling of the FLQ challenge, with the fugitives before the courts or on the run and the FLQ an outlawed organization, Premier Robert Bourassa seemed to have the breathing space he needed to concentrate on Quebec's economic problems, and Mayor Jean Drapeau's Civic Party swept all 52 seats in Montreal's October 25 election.

But in the long-term battle for the loyalties of Québécois, there were no victories, there were only retreats into prepared positions. The crisis didn't change anybody's mind. Marcel Rioux, professor of sociology at the Université de Montréal, puts it this way: "The options now are reduced to two: many of my colleagues have been led to opt more definitely for Quebec sovereignty, those who were inclined to federalism before have gone completely over to that side."

This sudden crystallization of opinion is in perfect accord with Trudeau's own character, as interpreted by law professor Edward McWhinney of McGill: "He likes people to stand up and be counted; he has now reduced the choice to one of black or white."

Parti Québécois economist Jacques Parizeau was unintentionally right when he said after the crisis that Trudeau had set back political dialogue in Canada 10 years — from "What does Quebec want?" back to "What kind of people are we dealing with?"

The society that English Canada still thinks of as unified, some would say *dangerously* unified, was shown by the crisis to be highly fragmented and polarized. In the face of English Canada, Québécois still lower their heads like musk-oxen and form a tight defensive circle. But this instinctive group reaction is less significant at this moment and perhaps for ever, than the struggle among the factions within Quebec between federalists and separatists, conservatives and radicals, the establishment and the dispossessed, the young and the old. Nowhere else in Canada are the internecine rivalries so antagonistic and the possibilities so dangerous.

Quebec society remains essentially the most conservative in Canada. It supported a backward authoritarian government (Maurice Duplessis) in the Fifties, it replaced a dynamic government (Jean Lesage) with a lacklustre version of the old conservatism (Daniel Johnson) in 1966, and now, according to every poll, it provides stronger support for Trudeau's hard line than any other group in the country.

"Events have shown me that Trudeau was correct when he said that Québécois are not naturally inclined toward democracy," says Raymond Laliberte, president last year of Quebec's militant union of French-speaking teachers. "The present backlash by Québécois against the moderate elements of their society indicates that they want the kind of security brought about by repressive laws, the army and police. Our young democracy is barely 10 years old. I had hoped that those 10 years might have been enough to instill a new respect for the rights of individuals. I now realize that I was wrong."

Québécois not only applauded Trudeau more enthusiastically than Canadians elsewhere, they were also willing to follow the Quebec government even further and support compulsory identity cards, "supervision" of news media and the creation of a commission to investigate ideological complaints against teachers. In the face of FLQ terror, French-speaking Montrealers overwhelmingly supported, with their votes, the ruthless campaign of political extermination. Jean Marchand, federal Minister of Regional Economic Expansion, and Jean Drapeau waged against FRAP, the embryonic coalition of citizens committees in Montreal that represented the first stirrings of participatory democracy in urban history in French Canada.



"Trudeau likes people to stand up and be counted; he has now reduced the choice to one of black or white"

But it was this conservative population that in the turbulent Sixties also nurtured the strongest and most widespread radical movement in North America, black power included. In the United States and the rest of Canada radicals remained outside the social power structure, but in Quebec they succeeded in penetrating it. Starting in the powerful student organizations of the early Sixties, socialist separatism became a powerful factor in Quebec's labor movement and among teachers, journalists, priests and other influential groups. In almost every sector of Quebec society in the Sixties there was this phenomenon: an extreme radicalism flaring up within an essentially conservative group and in opposition to what the Quebec establishment always refers to as 'the deep aspirations of the people."

In Quebec there has never been what English-speaking Canadians would call a central position between conservatism and radicalism. Quebec's ideological centre has always been far to the right, so the province's radicals, isolated from the main group, living in their own little "Australia" have seen their own evolution go out of control, producing deformities such as the FLQ that have had no chance of survival in the *real* society of the province.

Underlying all this have been certain basic attitudes of the variety described by Sir Wilfrid Laurier when he said, "Quebec does not have opinions, but only sentiments.' They explain how the crisis could bring out apparently contradictory responses in the same individual. Many Québécois, for instance, admired the FLQ *and* Trudeau for the same reason: they were examples of French Canadians acting with competence, decisiveness and selfless courage. For a people steeped in two centuries of inferiority, both were a tonic. The crisis also brought out similar responses from surprisingly different people. It was possible for a federalist such as Claude Ryan, editor of *Le Devoir* to join forces with Parti Québécois leader René Lévesque on

humanitarian grounds to advocate a policy of negotiation with the FLQ in opposition to all three governments

But the main effect of the October crisis, it seems clear now, will be a further strengthening of Quebec's inherent conservatism The FLQ has played into Trudeau's hands by presenting him with an opportunity to demand a definite answer from the people of Quebec And the mass of Québécois have given it almost unanimously, readily sacrificing the little progress that had been made during the "quiet revolution" of the past decade toward a freer, more liberal Quebec society

The results will be tragic for Quebec Activist minorities, including almost the entire intellectual and professional elite, will be further alienated from their own society Trudeau's get-tough measures run the risk he himself once wrote about in an essay now reprinted in his book *Approach To Politics* 'The great lesson to draw from revolutions is not that they devour humanity but rather that tyranny never fails to generate them" Tyranny is too harsh a word for the Canadian legislation arising from the crisis, as revolution is too drastic a forecast, but the danger is nonetheless real

But let me add a postscript ... an idea ... a way of looking at Quebec that I found unavoidable during the crisis

If Canadians have learned anything in the past decade, they have learned that Quebec is a special case But how special? It probably is going too far to say that Quebec is as special as Spain or certain Latin American countries or some of the underdeveloped nations of Africa But all these countries have provided examples in our own lifetime of the dangers of applying political principles that don't conform with real conditions Is there a danger that 'right-thinking" Canadians will attempt the same folly in Quebec? □

What now? What do we Canadians, English- and French-speaking, have to do to repair the damage, to hold the country together in the uneasy months ahead? Ten influential Quebeckers reply:

Andre Raynauld, professor of economics at Université de Montreal and co-author of a recent important report on the Quebec economy for the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion: "We've been in a recession for two years now The Quebec government should have been able to combat this with deficit financing on a large scale, as any government in the world does when there's a recession But due to the lack of proper mechanisms, the Quebec government is unable to do this For two years now, I have supported a scheme of indirect access to the Bank of Canada, an access for the province of Quebec This scheme would have permitted stability in Quebec while the war against inflation could have continued in other parts of Canada, where needed ...

'The economy of Quebec must be reactivated by pouring money into it, regardless of constitutional arguments and despite the events of the past months"

Roger Lemelin, novelist and businessman "I see little that needs to be done to future by Canadians I see nothing tragic that is about to occur The murderers are not frightening the people One should beware of a certain part of our elite The young journalists, for example, are not representative of the people"

Leo Kolber, president of Comp Investments, the Bronfman development group in Montreal "Let's get something done about unemployment I don't want to be a purveyor of glib answers but ... when you have prosperity, you don't have unrest"

Guy Rocher, professor of sociology at Université de Montreal and a member of the Parent Commission, which blueprinted educational reform in Quebec in the Sixties "Canadians should take back the *carte blanche* that they have given Trudeau He's not worth their confidence I put a lot of trust in what English-speaking Canadians can do for Quebec, and I do not believe that dialogue has become impossible But there is now a dangerous pressure created by the escalation of the federal government I see a probability of civil war in Quebec if it continues"

Yves Ryan, mayor of Montreal North and brother of Claude Ryan, editor of *Le Devoir* "Governments in Canada, at all levels, must take it upon themselves to help Quebec so that our economic ills can be eliminated It is obvious that a minimum of prosperity will go far to solve the problem"

Florent Audette, a leader of the construction workers' union in the Quebec-based Confederation of National Trade Unions 'I have always believed that social transformation in Quebec will be easier to achieve if Quebec becomes independent"

Marcel Faribault, honorary president of Trust Général du Canada, adviser to Conservative and Union Nationale governments in constitutional affairs "I suggest to English-speaking Canadians that they stop listening only to what they like to hear Canada is not a *pays unitaire* An effort on constitutional change must prevail over economic problems Economic success cannot have a firm base until the constitutional problem is settled"

Yves Gagnon, director of the department of journalism Laval University, and a former head of the French-language weekly newspapers association in Quebec 'In the short run, I am pessimistic about the future of democracy in this province At the moment, newspaper readers in Quebec seem to think that journalists should take for granted everything the government throws at them

"A majority of Québécois now support the public order legislation I feel that this support signifies a great lack of responsibility I wish that Québécois would gain a greater sense of responsibility ... not lean on their governments for everything ... become more adult and face the necessity of a new pact on federalism"

Claude Charron, Parti Quebecois, member of Quebec's National Assembly for the riding of St Jacques in east-end Montreal, the youngest member ever elected to the Assembly 'Canadians, especially English-speaking Canadians, must do all they can to moderate Trudeau If he is allowed to keep and wield indiscriminately the powers he has, he can only destroy the country I have always felt that Trudeau despised Québécois, I now feel that he has come to actually hate them. It is my feeling that he could easily become a fascist. Up to now, he has reasoned things out in the same fashion as the FLQ"

Raymond Laliberté, former head of the French-speaking teachers' union in Quebec, now studying political science at Laval University "It is essential that if we are to stop the FLQ other than by force, which up to now has been ineffective, we must rebuild Quebec society The help of the rest of Canada is essential This must not simply be a matter of injecting money into selected spots in Quebec There must be a handing over of powers to Quebec so that the government here can decide how the money is to be used" □



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The closest thing we'll ever have to Shangri-la

ONE MORNING in early November staff-writer Jon Ruddy was walking along the beach at downtown Vancouver's English Bay. (He was, he stresses, pondering his assignment.) Suddenly a girl scampered across the sand, stripped to a bikini and waded into the water. "The prospect of somebody swimming in Canada in November crystallized my thoughts about Vancouver," says Ruddy. "Its essential quality is unexpectedness. It is the closest thing we will ever have to a Shangri-la."

But Vancouver is a representative city, too, in many ways, with representative problems. These — and some dramatic solutions — are discussed in several articles beginning on page 23 that launch a *Maclean's* series on the portentous struggle to save the cities of Canada for the people who live there.

It was Ruddy's initial task to find five individual stories that best expressed this struggle in Vancouver. To do so he drew on the insights of many Vancouverites and his own background of numerous trips west on behalf of *Maclean's* during the past five years. Colleague Alan Edmonds, another old Vancouver hand (last year he was the only reporter in Canada who managed to get aboard the typhoid-stricken Oronsay in Vancouver harbor), later joined Ruddy to wrap up the extensive research and writing, along with art director Jon Eby and photography director Horst Ehrich.

It was an arduous but pleasant assignment, highlighted perhaps by two lunches. The first was a liquid affair at the Bayshore Inn with Mayor Tom (Terrific) Campbell, who signaled his intention to run for another term in office by describing Vancouver hippies as "walking billboards for Tom Campbell." The second was a sumptuous repast that featured fresh salmon in the garden home of architect Arthur Erickson, who himself prepared the meal for the journalists. "Vancouver was the logical city to launch our series," says Ruddy. "It has the most to lose." □

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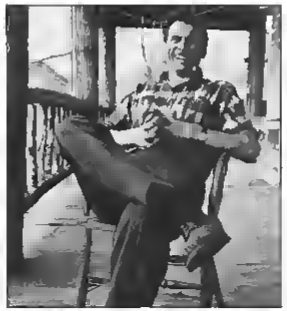
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TROMFJ

☐ 'Yes, sir! I am a Canadian'—the guy on the front porch tells us where we're really at
☐ Save the children—keep their books Canadian
☐ Your views on the land, the fuzz and abortion



BY ROBERT LEGGETT

If you haven't made it to the goodies here, you won't make it anywhere

YES, SIR! I AM A CANADIAN, never figured on being anything else. I was born and raised in this country, hard by Lake Huron inside the snow-belt line, and I reckon no matter where I hang my hat in this world being Canadian-born will be a proud fact of my life.

Now there's been a lot of people in high corners talking for some time that the folks in this country haven't got identity, squeezed in on one side by big brother U.S. and patronized by the mother country across the water, and this is causing us to be incompetent and unable to handle the affairs of a big country such as this, to use some of their fancy expressions.

Some of these brain waves did concede that Centennial year and Expo gave an indication that we could bust the chain, but they figured our stab of energy and ideas would disappear and we would tag along behind the others again anyway. Well, so much for those doleful drummers. Always had them and I guess we always will.

Now I figure this country is pretty unique, and the people that live on these acres of rock, trees and water, along with ice, snow and blizzard, are as different from another bunch of people as peas are from beans.

I remember away back when I went and got my education in the country schoolhouse, and during those days I was exposed to the school geography book of the world.

Now in those days it was pretty easy to see how far the British Empire went, because it was painted red and stuck out all over the place. I got to admit — the Empire looked pretty impressive.

They told me that the largest red spot was called Canada and that this was my country and that made me a Canadian. Now I spent considerable energy in those days (as I have ever since) studying up on this country, because I was right interested, and that hasn't changed since either.

The first thing I checked out was the boundary line and, by golly, we claimed the whole Gulf of St. Lawrence as well as the biggest part of that mighty river. We had Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and a good chunk of land between the river and the States' line, and this included Fundy Bay with the great tides. Now I accepted the fact of the Great Lakes being part of the south boundary and, although we didn't have Lake Michigan, we did have Georgian Bay, the Ottawa River, Hudson Bay and the mighty Horseshoe Falls of the Niagara, and I almost forgot the Shield that is the oldest and best mineral rock on the continent.

Going west, there was a lot of land, lakes and rivers, forests of timber, Eskimo-land north of the Arctic Circle, the magnetic Pole. The great island reaching to the North Pole. Then came the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, as great as anywhere. I liked the fact of Vancouver Island, sitting there on the west coast, like it was laughing at the boundary line jogging down around it.

Well now, as I have ambled along through life, I've kept an eye on this country, reading about its history and going to different parts of it, and I've watched as to how we show up alongside our neighbors. You know, I figure we're standing pretty good.

I haven't been saying all this about Canada just to brag. We're not a bragging people, we just as soon let the facts and our accomplishments do the talking for us. Maybe this method does not yell very loud, but it's a little more solid and I reckon that makes us a solid type of people.

We get enough bragging from the south of us to jar the lid off the applesauce, and I figured some time back there wasn't much they did we couldn't do as far as intelligence and ability were concerned. In this country, we built when necessity demanded and, mind you, we have handled some fair-size projects, such as laying down the longest railroad going, and that Seaway job was no small thing either. In fact we have pioneered ingenuity in this country from oil drilling to bush flying, and we have done pretty good at playing with atoms, too.

As far as the school side, that Shakespeare theatre opened an eye or two when it sprang out of nowhere.

I'll grant you, we went out and got a bit of manpower and brains from other places as well as the dollar bills to do the job with, but the ideas, guts and shovel came from right inside this country, and as far as I am concerned that's where the credit goes.

The reason I'm pointing all this out to you is so you'll get the fuzz out of your eyes and see exactly where you stand. I reckon you enjoy all the good things that people anywhere in the world "that are lucky" get, weather permitting, and you're right we got some poor people, we got some bums and we got bad ones too — now you tell me what country hasn't. That's part of human nature.

If you think the grass is greener

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Machinist Bob Leggett likes to think of himself as 'the village blacksmith' in Blair, a small town in southern Ontario. He believes in the survival of the fittest, and he admires the self-made man. Why did he, at 40, send his first letter to any editor to Maclean's? 'Because a lot of talk never gets past the dinner table and the corner store.'

somewhere else, all I can say is, if you haven't made the grade to the goodies here, it's doubtful if you would make it anywhere else either. Of course, if it's how much money you make that counts, well, I don't give much of a hoot for your jar of values. Let me tell you, it's what you contribute to this country with the talent you got that counts. You have no idea how far your labor, your ideas or your gumption will reach or how many people it will touch. The way I see it, you hammer a nail here and this country gets stronger, you say "yes" or "no" with a true mind and this country has conviction.

I want no truck with a man who only wants to take for himself and puts nothing back or ignores his neighbor's well-being. Yes, sir, any good man of the soil can tell you that never works for long.

This country was put together with people who had a good reason for being here and didn't mind putting hard honest effort into making their reason stick. Now I figure most people in this country figure the same way I do. We're Canadians because this is where we live and the land and the elements make us what we are.

Seems to me, this business of analyzing all the flaws in Canadians is a pet's corner pastime of a few people who couldn't be contented if we all did make the effort to change — they would still be around.

Yes, sir, young feller, I've had a good life in this country. Now, I'm going back up on the porch to my rocker and let you get on up the road. Besides, my cob pipe been out for half an hour and I see the daily paper has just landed in the box there. □



BY AL PURDY

'Why I won't let a U.S. branch plant publish my poetry'

THERE ARE FEW Canadian publishers of school textbooks left. Most books published for Canadian schoolchildren are the products of branch plants whose ownership is outside the country. "Well,' I hear you say, "so what? That makes no difference to me, none at all. Who cares who publishes what? It's all boring nonsense anyway."

But some people *do* care, and it *does* make a difference. Here's how the branch-plant publisher operates. The editor is chosen by U.S. executives or else the editor's superiors are chosen by foreign interests. And whether this man, this editor, is Canadian or not makes little difference. His superiors *indicate* to him what sort of policies they want implemented. And he carries them out or gets fired.

Here's one branch-plant attitude an editor might translate into action — or lack of action. "Let's not publish this book. It's obviously unfriendly to the U.S. We want books that will make people like us." And another attitude. "Not this book either. It has a lot of Canadian material but it isn't sensational enough. The writing is about country quiet, whereas we believe the world-future is in cities, so let's concentrate on urban life." And yet again. "We published five million copies of *The Guns Of Public School No. 67* in the U.S. last year, and they're all sold but half a million. Now we're bringing out a new edition for the U.S. school system. But that leftover half million copies of *The Guns* oughta be good enough for Canada. They're a little behind the times anyway, and won't even know there's a new edition out. And our man on the Board of Education will see it isn't mentioned."

Why should a U.S. branch plant in Canada bother with Canadian writers or separate books for Canadian schools? Answer: They don't. Not after the initial hubbub over a sell-out has died down. The public knows little and notices practically nothing about the gradual change of U.S. content to the American way of Life (and Death) because such changes take place in the minds of children, which are practically a closed world to adults. You, the reader of this piece, what do you really know about what happens in the mind of your 14-year-old son? Or your eight-year-old daughter? Or your university-age teen-ager? Whatever you do know, it's not likely you've ever more than glanced at their textbooks.

Here's a glance at my own school days in verse. "Along the line of smoky hills / The crimson forest stands" by Wilfred Campbell — what a lousy poem! And about Canada. "O Child of Nations, giant-limbed/Who stand'st among the nations now" by Charles G. D. Roberts — what absolute hogwash! Or. "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malemute Saloon/The kid that handles the music box was hitting a ragtime tune" by Robert Service — now that's more like it, eh? But lamentably, it wasn't included in my school books.

In 1968, I edited a selection by poets (mostly over 30) called *Fifteen Winds*, published by Ryerson Press, which included that poem by Service. Being an optimist, perhaps, I've been working on another text for Canadian schools called *Storm Warning*. It was to have been published by Ryerson Press — at least it was until the United Church announced the sale of Ryerson to McGraw-Hill of New York on November 2. I say no: *Storm Warning* will not be published by an American branch plant. As I write, the sale of Ryerson to McGraw-Hill is not yet final, but I stick to my principle. At some point in your life you have to say no, even if it costs you. But I don't believe it will cost me, I don't believe I'll lose a damn thing.

The new book, *Storm Warning*, is about Brenda Fleet's Quebec, Bill Howell's Halifax, Sid Marty's Alberta mountain country, Dale Ziereth's Ontario. (It's not at all like the backward colony I learned about in my school texts.) It's also about Dennis Lee's Upper Canada and the rebellion of 1837, after William Lyon Mackenzie, the typical Canadian here, turned tail and ran away from Sheriff Jarvis' men near the site of the now Maple Leaf Gardens on Church Street.

The British want the country
For the empire and the view
The Yankees want the country for
A Yankee barbecue
The Compact want the country
For their merrie green domain
They'll all play finders-keepers till
Mackenzie comes again □

Al Purdy is a tough minded Canadian who makes his living as a poet and editor. He's an ardent Canadian nationalist. When the United Church of Canada announced the sale of Ryerson Press to an American company in November, Purdy at once moved to switch the publishing rights to his latest work, Storm Warning, to a Canadian owned firm.

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One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.



Let's pass laws to stop the American land-grabbers

We can blame our federal and provincial authorities for their tolerance of foreign ownership of our land (Douglas Marshall's article, *Where Has All Our Best Land Gone? Guess*, October). I have been the manager of a local tourist information centre and have had inquiries from Americans each year on how they can purchase land (especially waterfront properties) along the coast of Nova Scotia. They are prepared to pay any price, beyond the native capability — and they're getting the properties. The only brake on land grabbing is legislation whereby any foreigner wishing to purchase land in Canada should become a resident for at least five years before being able to acquire land.

FRED SUBBECK, BRIDGEWATER, NS

* It is time to take a stand as true Canadians and keep our most prized possession — land — for Canadians to enjoy.

J. O. STEWART, BONAVISTA, NFLD.

* We live in an area where Americans are buying and leasing property right and left. My husband and I own a tract of land just above where William J. Wineberg owns some. Money may talk loud in Yankee Land, but, if Wineberg ever wanted our land, I couldn't hear a thing, no matter how many digits the offer contained. Giving it away to some solid Canadian hippie is by far the better of two evils.

SALLY MACPHERSON, SLOCAN, BC

* A while ago, Canadians were buying land when they needed it, unaware that foreigners could ever own Canada. We can put the blame for this tragic state of affairs where it belongs — on the soulless, ugly land speculator and the politicians who run for office not to serve their country, but to sell it.

J. C. DAVIES, ABBOTSFORD, BC

* The prospect of having Canada bought up by the neighbors does not exactly appeal to me. But neither does the idea of a Canada privately owned by rich Canadians. What we really need is some tough legislation that would set aside at least 50% of the good recreation land (particularly waterfront) for *public* use.

TEN VAN HOUTEN, GRAND FORKS, BC

* If the Americans think that their land is so great, why don't they stay home?

TED KALAILIEFF, PORT COLBORNE, ONT.

* I deplore the fact that Americans are being permitted to buy Canada right from under our feet and consider they are performing a good deed by pioneering our untouched, unpolluted frontier. We wring our hands at American domination of our industries, but what about our most valuable natural resource? Must we take the back seat — again?

LYNNE MOODIE, OTTAWA

* The land should belong to those people who love it, rich or poor, Canadian or American.

SUSAN GREGG, VALEMOUNT, BC

In my town, it's Canadians who buy up American land!

The article on the land-grab is typical of the paranoid pap one expects to see published in *Maclean's*, and typically inaccurate. So far as I know, there are no regulations preventing Canadians from buying the Canadian property that the Americans have purchased. Even when Washington State real-estate laws forbade other aliens from owning property, an exception was made with regard to Canadian citizens where reciprocity was in force. The law has recently been changed to allow all aliens to acquire property in this state. Ninety percent of the property owners here at Point Roberts are Canadians. We welcome them. But perhaps we should suspect them of a planned "take over" of our country?

MRS. R. G. WHITE, POINT ROBERTS, WASHINGTON

* In your article on the land sellout in Canada, you state: "Across the border, in Washington, Canadians can't own state or private land." The laws of the U.S. give the privilege to any nationality to purchase and own land in the U.S. They are entitled to attend any tax sales or buy in any way they feel privileged to. Canadians have purchased considerable property in the state of Washington for recreational and other purposes.

W. J. WINEBERG, PORTLAND, ORE.

* It is only natural that people of any nationality will be attracted to a land as beautiful as Canada. But a real-estate businessman in BC has complained to me that Canadians won't buy the properties he has for sale, but Americans as well as other nationalities will. He feels that Canadians are far too conservative in this respect and that they fail to recognize the potential of their land. You can't criticize Americans or others for buying when they are welcomed to Canada with enticing offers to buy choice land.

GIL JOHNSTON, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

* If you want to make a noise about foreign capital, have a look at the Japanese capital now being invested in Canada's natural resources. The Japanese are going to own your country before long — not the Americans.

ROBERT S. DAVIDSON, BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

Doctors' patients—lose patience!

The article by Robert Thomas Allen, *Wanted: A Doctor Who Doesn't Keep You Hanging Around* (November), put the onus right where it belongs — on the doctor. As a medical receptionist, I have put in a good many hours watching patients glare, pace and complain because the doctor is always late, only to have them all smiles when at last they get in to see him. If more people would stand up for their rights and complain — to the doctor — this common show of inconsideration would come to an abrupt halt.

MRS. L. DOMANKO, VEDDER CROSSING, BC

* I read Bob Allen's article in the waiting room of an eye specialist with whom I had a 2:15 p.m. appointment. When I still had not been admitted to his inner sanctum at 3:50 p.m. I left, because I had school-age children waiting at home. To add insult to injury, I had waited one and a half months for this appointment.

MRS. J. SIGURDSON, WINNIPEG

* A doctor in a town outside Toronto was treating me for hypertension and was distressed one day to find my blood pressure well elevated. He speculated on the cause and when I suggested it was

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brought on by the 90-minute wait in the waiting room he told me to tell his receptionist I was not to wait more than 10 minutes when I came again. But do you think the girl would believe it? No sir.

J. THATCHER, KESWICK, ONT

* I've been going to the same doctor for 11 years, and have never been kept waiting for more than 10 minutes — as a matter of fact, he's often waiting for me when I arrive. Now my dentist — well, that's a different story!

BONNIE COOPER, GRIMSBY, ONT

* Poor Robert Thomas Allen! Our hearts go out for him: he is being kept waiting at his doctor's office. Alas, he is not the only one who has had this annoying experience. As a doctor, I am not entirely blameless. Not that I like to keep people waiting — even important ones. My secretary arranges the appointments for weeks ahead most meticulously. The annoying thing is that those darned emergencies keep cropping up quite unexpectedly, messing up the whole day's schedule. Not only are patients kept waiting, but, like Allen, I also miss my lunch, often my dinner, even my sleep! This is the reason why, quite unaccountably, we sometimes disappear down those long corridors. I realize that some people's time is money — our time often is human life saved. Perhaps this insight will help Robert Thomas Allen to wait more patiently next time.

OSCAR SINGER, WEST HILL, ONT

Joe Greene: Captain Capitalist?

Maclean's is profoundly mistaken in regarding Joe Greene as a Canadian nationalist, *Captain Canada of 1971* (November). If you examine his Denver speech, you discover that at no point does he reject continentalism. The proposal for 51% Canadian ownership isn't any solution. In fact, what has it brought Mexico? Continued poverty and continued American domination. Is there any reason to believe that Canada would be any different? The only hope for Canadian independence is socialism, whereby the profits of Canadian resources could be invested in Canada, increasing employment and also giving Canadians control over their country. The Canadian business class doesn't deserve to control Canadian interests. After all, who has been selling us out to the Americans?

MURRAY MACADAM, OTTAWA

* I find Walter Stewart's proposal to consider J. J. Greene as a contender for Captain Canada somewhat ludicrous. The real test of a man's concern for Canadian independence is not how many flag-waving speeches he can make to Denver businessmen, but what he is actually prepared to *do* about it. And Greene, as you know, supported the recent sellout by the Cabinet of an enormous quantity of natural gas to the U.S., without even taking the trouble to secure the expected



AISLIN'S PERSPECTIVE

The real Captain Canada is Pierre Trudeau

— MRS. C. ALLEN, KITCHENER, ONT

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concessions by the U S to Canadian oil The result of course will be to fix Canada more firmly in the role of a mere supplier of raw materials to U S industry whose finished products we can then buy back — if we can afford them In view of such performance I am not at all reassured by Greene's current statements that our water is not for sale The logic of Stewart's facts was clearly leading him to conclude that Greene is an inconsistent opportunistic and a continentalist so it was unsettling to find him avoiding these conclusions and commending Greene as "flexible," "pragmatic," and a believer in Canadian independence One of the reasons why many people have found themselves in the Waffle is that unlike Stewart they can no longer avoid those conclusions
PAUL OENHAM QUEENSVILLE ONT

Football: more than a sport

Lionel Wilson is obviously not aware of the benefits most players receive from playing football — *Football Fever The Great Canadian Con Game* (October) I couldn't figure out whether or not Wilson meant the football buffs or the players were slobs Either way, I resent the implication Football at the high school level keeps young boys from hanging around the local restaurant after school It has its place — regardless of how many of these players go on to greater things
J E HANDSON, SCARBOROUGH, ONT

* There is no more justification for teaching football in high school than teaching Grand Prix racing or skydiving It seems ridiculous to tie up over two million dollars of Ontario taxpayers' money in football equipment to benefit less than 10% of the school population when other mass participation sports such as rugger soccer and field hockey can be carried on at almost no expense and can be played also at a later age in life
JOHN BROWN AURORA ONT

Of hawks and doves

Walter Stewart's article *Who Goes There? Friend Or Fuzz?* (October) was excellent Many of us tend to blame either the police and courts or dissident groups for the troubles in law enforcement However we are all directly involved because law enforcement agencies reflect the values of society which are fostered nourished and propagated by the unaverage citizen namely all of us. Respect for law and order must be earned but unless we operationally and not merely theoretically start respecting the political social and economic rights of our fellow citizens — of our fellow human beings — we will never have respect for law and order in our society Respect arising from trust is more important than respect arising from fear and negative sanctions
PAUL GAVREL GUELPH ONT

* I am on the side of the "Doves" The public should realize there are good and bad police as there are good and bad people If they are going to disrespect all police because of a minority of bad cops then they are being senseless
MARION CAMPBELL SYDNEY NS

* Walter Stewart's comments on the Mounted Police (RCMP) were not appreciated The people here in the United States who read *Maclean's* are used to the digs you send our way but when you start slurring your own Mounties you have gone too far
BERNARD G FRYE TERRE HAUTE INDIANA



Police support from a newspaper (advertisement in the Toronto Telegram)

* I was perturbed by the article in which *Maclean's* undertook to divide the police staffs into "Hawks" and "Doves" To brand a police chief a "Hawk" because he attempts to enforce the law strictly is, in my opinion a very serious disservice to our police staffs The police require all the support we can give them to maintain law and order
O S AINSLIE WILLOWDALE ONT

* Thank you for the publicity — now I am a Super-Hawk' I think your article stinks There is no semblance of recognition between my answers to your questionnaire and what you have published
CHIEF ARTHUR COOKSON REGINA

Walter Stewart replies "The designation of Super Hawk was not based on the questionnaire — which certainly supports it — but on a two-hour interview with yourself Remember?

Tobacco tales from Springhill

After reading Jon Ruddy's article on Anne Murray *The Pit And The Star* (November) I feel I should send this letter by pony express — but we in the Maritimes have advanced beyond that stage What was most distasteful to me other members of my family and people in the community of Springhill was the reference of Anne's "granddaddy" who used to chew tobacco when making house calls as a doctor It was brought up in this man's home and never once saw him chew tobacco much less dispose of it under a corner of the rug This was a home that was far from culturally deprived the article made it sound as if Anne just popped out of a mine and started to sing Her uncle was, for some time a professional musician her aunt a music educator and her cousin has had an opera program on the CBC for 20 years
MRS DAWN CAMERON HALIFAX NS

* Nonsense! Anne Murray's grandfather did *not* chew tobacco Is this morsel of memorabilia this tidbit of trivia gleaned from the hearsay of an unidentified historian at the pithead supposed to represent her father's family?
ELIZABETH MURRAY TATAMAGOUCHE NS

Jon Ruddy replies I don't know how anyone could conclude that I believed or suggested that Anne Murray's paternal grandfather chewed tobacco The miner's anecdote was included as a demonstration of the storytelling propensity of the Springhill miners — who have kept their good humor despite everything — and was clearly refuted in the following paragraph Nor do I understand how anyone could read into the article a suggestion that Miss Murray's background was culturally deprived "

Abortion: the good, the bad and the ugly

Congratulations to Roberta Squire on her thoughtful and courageous article on abortion *I'm Married Happy And Went Through Hell For A Legal Abortion* (October) I am 21, single, and have never needed one, but like other girls my age I have friends who have had abortions some of them legal They have paid for their so-called sins with pain and money to save bringing an unwanted child to the Children's Aid Society for possible adoption
J. CORCORAN TORONTO

* I hope *Maclean's* will give the same amount of time and space to something that needs far more publicity than Roberta Squire's abortion story — a comprehensive guide to the use of reliable contraceptives and especially sterilization or vasectomies
MRS R BROWNE, VICTORIA

* In defense of the social worker's questions directed to Mrs Squire at Toronto General Hospital I would remind her that our hospital is a large teaching hospital in which research figures prominently Many of the questions asked of our abortion patients are part of a research program being carried on in order to understand both the effects of our new law and the problems it creates Indeed figures for a recent month indicate that 73% of patients who received an abortion had rarely used any type of contraception We must expect a death rate of about 1 in 100,000 for this operation This rate increases alarmingly when the procedure is repeated The long-term answer to this problem is good birth control information not abortion Let's be fair, Mrs Squire you created your problem you listened to inaccurate gossip and you received the help you needed when you asked for it It would be nice to hear you express some appreciation
PETER D TINK CO-ORDINATING CHAPLAIN, TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL

* By having an abortion Roberta Squire has denied herself the greatest joy in life
WINIFRED OCKENDEN VICTORIA

* If such a sophisticated barbarism is allowed in our Canadian society the future of our country is dark indeed
K MCPHERSON, ORO STATION, ONT □

CHEZ US: The feats of a small, thin fireman

AT HAYHOE MILLS Limited, Pine Grove, on September 10, workman Henry Nipro had a broken leg and was trapped in the narrow neck at the bottom of a grain bin He was installing some equipment and while climbing up a rope he fell to the bottom of the bin The rescue squad was called at 6:32 p.m. and hauled him out Fire Chief Davidson said this incident proved the usefulness of having a small, thin fireman on every crew
THE LIBERAL, Richmond Hill, Ont., September 17

A BUSLOAD of male students from George Brown College of Applied Arts and Technology in Toronto passed through Trenton yesterday at about noon destination unknown
THE TRENTONIAN, Trenton, Ont., October 7

LAST NIGHT the City Hall Pest Extermination squad reconvened in a special emergency session to come up with a more immediate and effective answer to the question of the impending pigeon take over of the downtown area In all fairness to the city engineer, who will lead the charge the elimination of the dirty birds will take place "under controlled conditions and in coujunction with the Chief of Police'
TIMES JOURNAL, St Thomas Ont., September 9

Readers are invited to send in any unusual clippings that give insight into Canadian life We pay $5 for items published Typographical errors and wire-service stories are ruled out Winners are: H Tennant, Richmond Hill Ont J E Martin Trenton Ont Mrs. T G Barclay St Thomas Ont.

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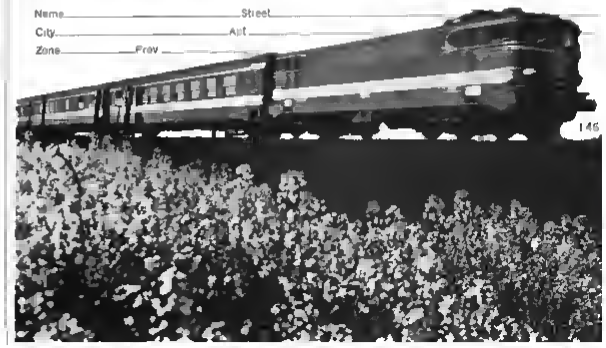
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THE CANADIAN ARMED FORCES

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We Can Save Our Cities

We all know our cities are in trouble We know they'll get worse before they get better Today's clogged streets, dirty air, sprawling suburbs — the whole planless mess — are steadily making cities less livable And this is but the beginning Look at the picture of Canada in 2001, as it's drawn by Housing Minister Robert Andras: A nation of 40 million people, 94% of them urbanites, 73% of them in 12 major centres, a Toronto of 6 5 million a Montreal of 6¼ million, Vancouver a fledgling of 2 5 million And we're feeling crowded now! We feel, too, a helplessness before this juggernaut of growth, a suspicion that big is not necessarily better, nor bigger best

In recent years many Canadians have realized that the quality of a city's life bears no relation to its quantity of concrete But there is a perception gap The new values have hardly touched our developers, politicians, planners Many are still trapped in the mental toils of the 1950s In highrise temples they worship still the gods of growth

But the city people of 1971 won't wait for the politician to change his values They're too busy They're showing that colorful old neighborhoods can be saved, blight can be arrested, given the will and the know-how With this issue, *Maclean's* begins one of the most important series in its 60-year history Its writers will report the progress, the setbacks and the skirmishes of the new urban activists across Canada They will show the lessons Vancouver holds for Edmonton how a Calgary experience can help St John's They will show how cities are saved THE EDITORS

We Can Keep Vancouver Livable



THERE IS THE physical setting beautiful enough to enrapture tourists, enduring enough to permit generations of politicians and developers to pursue their interests without seeming to harm it Glittering expanses of salt water irrigate the city Stanley Park abuts it, a peninsula of tall trees Views of the green North Shore mountains fill in the holes in clouds, the spaces between highrises the ends of feld alleys in Gastown There is the temperate climate that permits a university to be built around an open mall on a mountain top and its architect to live in a shelter in the corner of his garden There is the lifestyle, open, unaggressive, tuned to the mountains and the sea

But there is trouble in this Canadian paradise and Vancouverites awakening to the fact, are as vociferous in their dismay as once they were strident with expressions of parochial pride Only such a hoosier as Mayor Tom Campbell could still see, last fall, the city's youthful malcontents as "successors to the zoot-suiters" to be combated with bargain-priced king-sized riot sticks and the War Measures Act Vancouver's hippie colony had no better solutions than Maoism or anarchy but it did — by agitation and example — put its grubby finger on major problem areas that later came to exercise taxpayers householders and a whole new generation of middle-class activists

The city now has more than half a million people, the metropolitan area a million The offshore breeze can no longer be counted on to cleanse the air, nor the tidal flow to cleanse the water From Grouse Mountain Vancouver is sometimes obscured by a haze of air pollution There has been an occasional health hazard for swimmers at city beaches due to the inability of municipalities to treat sewage properly and the fact that the city with an annual rainfall of more than 50 inches has no separate storm sewer Rush-hour traffic backs up at the bridges and a new crossing of the First Narrows by bridge or tunnel is essential, a step leading inevitably to more traffic, more parking lots more pollution A proposed $300 million rapid transit system would be limited to a 24-mile route most of it downtown, and would not be operational until 1990 Like so many sore thumbs, salmon-colored highrises in the populous West End — where 40 000 people live in Canada's most densely populated square mile—block views and strain park, beach and community facilities. The whole downtown area is in the phrase of Vancouver's world-famous architect Arthur Erickson, "disastrously ugly" He blames city hall. "Our elected representatives are seldom concerned with the quality of life"

Happily, the people are concerned During 1969 a public outcry challenged and stopped a spurt of industrial development in the heart of Vancouver The concept of downtown freeways, discredited too late in many cities, was attacked furiously by such vulnerable neighborhoods as Chinatown and defeated, apparently for good

"A lot of wrong decisions made elsewhere haven't been made here," says Michael A Goldberg, an economist at the University of British Columbia and one of two academics heading an ambitious computer project involving city and regional governments to plot the social and ecological future of Greater Vancouver "We have fantastic options open because our institutions are new and flexible because the city hasn't done much — urban renewal is a joke — and because the people are aware of what they have and what they have to lose"

The fight to save Vancouver has been waged on many fronts by many people alone and in groups, motivated by love for a part or the whole, by idealism, by self-interest In the following pages *Maclean's* relates five widely differing battles and skirmishes and concludes with a plan to keep Vancouver the livable city it has been □

TEXT BY JON RUDDY AND ALAN EDMONDS PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRICHT

In Strathcona, Shirley Chan beat back the bulldozers; and scared Hell out of City Hall

IN CANADIAN CITIES the Chinese voice has seldom been raised. The Chinese are a family-focused people who have responded to intolerance and worse with — God knows — an estimable restraint. It's curious, then, that the most politically effective community-action group in Vancouver is Chinese. Curious, too, in a culture that has looked to its elders for wisdom and to its men for leadership, that the founder was a 21-year-old girl.

The group is the Strathcona Property Owners' and Tenants' Association (SPOTA), the girl a pretty English major at Simon Fraser University named Shirley Chan. Similar movements might have materialized — but did not — in many another city. All over Canada and the U.S. Chinese communities have been broken up by our peacetime panzer, the bulldozer. Fewer than 20 cohesive Chinatowns remain, once there were 1,000. SPOTA's struggle to preserve a 20-block residential part of Vancouver's Chinatown, and members' determination to rehabilitate their homes rather than be packed into public housing, will change the face of Vancouver and, conceivably, Halifax and Montreal and Moose Jaw. For the federal government, which pays the biggest share of redevelopment bills, has a two-million-dollar commitment to the preservation of Strathcona.

"These people have had a hell of a lot of influence on my view of urban renewal," says the minister responsible for housing, Robert Andras. "They have faced the breaking up and the stamping out of a lifestyle. You can put up much prettier buildings, but where do the people go? The Strathcona situation proves that people do count and can be heard."

Shirley Chan's own home is typical of the 500 or so surviving single-family residences in Strathcona. Deceptively modest, with the front porch and 10-foot ceilings of 50 years ago, it has five bedrooms to accommodate the grandmother and the visiting relatives that are part of an extended Chinese family. It sits on a 30-foot lot that produces, front and back, an astonishing abundance of flowers and bean rows, sugar peas, bak choi and Chinese greens, the preserve of Shirley's mother, Mrs. Wo Soon Chan. The house is freshly painted and has a new roof, aluminum storm doors and a remodeled kitchen. These improvements were made recently by Shirley's father, Walter Chan, the buyer for a Chinatown emporium, from savings accumulated toward a new house after an urban renewal scheme was revealed in 1958.

Nearby are the Raymur Place and McLean Park public housing complexes, box-like structures that mark, hopefully, the city's last unilateral incursion into Strathcona. Here the earth is covered with a skin of concrete, there is no room for grandmothers, and a robust family life that survived 100 years of exploitation and discrimination was jeopardized. "Tearing down livable homes and putting people into bleak public housing is not the answer," says Shirley. "If Strathcona was becoming a slum, it was because people thought for a long time that they would have to give up their homes. Now they are improving the neighborhood as proof that they want to stay."

Vancouver redevelopment was launched in the mid-Fifties with a simplistic federally financed study that saw urban blight as a matter of economics. Well-meaning city planners rushed in. Stages one and two of their multimillion-dollar renewal project ultimately cleared 11 blocks and displaced about 2,000 Strathcona residents. Stage three, approved by city council in October, 1968, would bulldoze the rest of the district — a total of 438 buildings — to make room for low-cost housing, business and industry. At this point the residents were ready to be mobilized. The result, says one involved social worker, "was an explosion that surprised the Chinese themselves and scared the hell out of city hall."

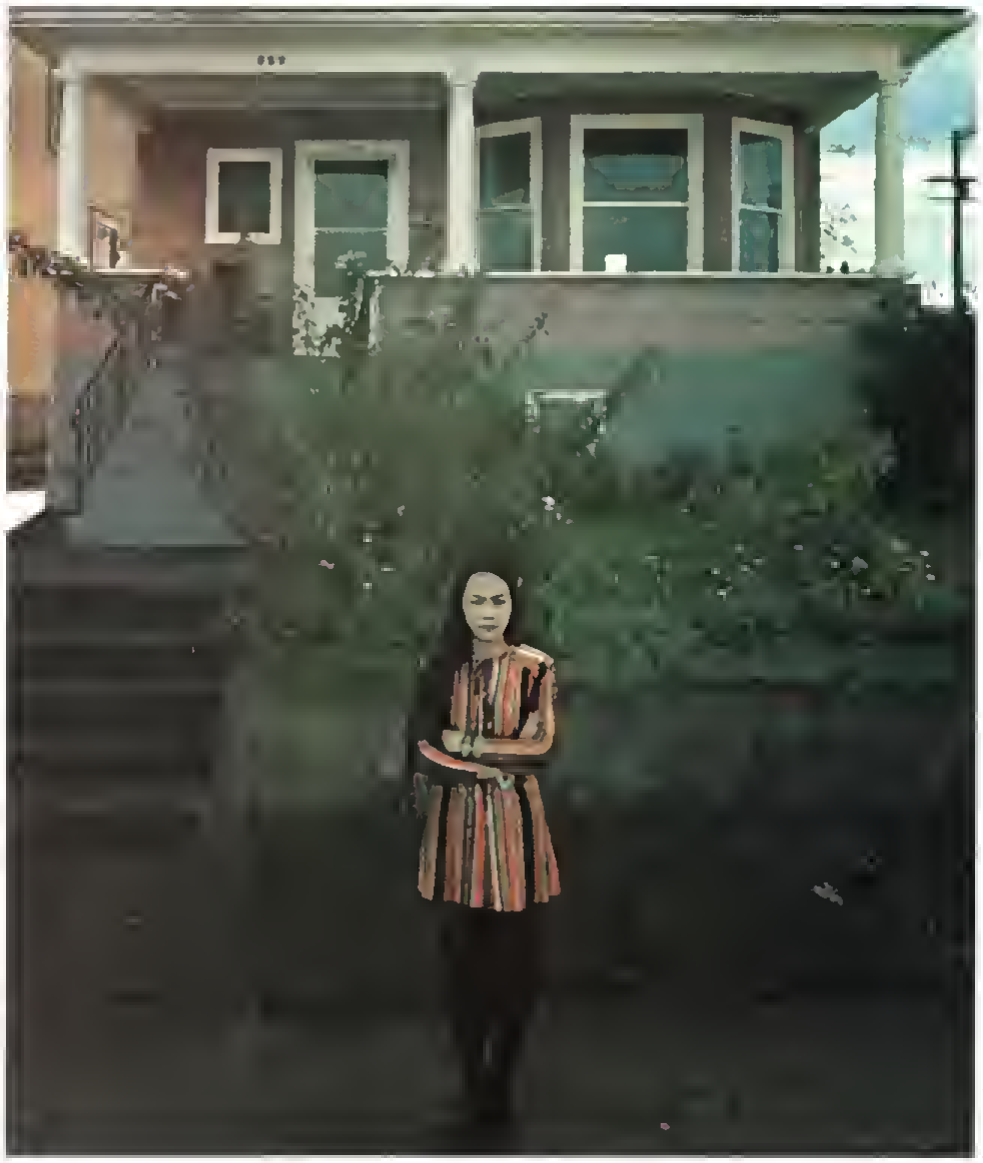
The Chan family, along with such neighbors as current SPOTA president Harry Con, had actively but ineffectively opposed earlier expropriations. As a child and teen-ager Shirley had made the rounds of the neighborhood with her mother, who speaks very little English, circulating petitions and appeals for legal funds. Now, as an articulate undergraduate whose friends included well-informed social workers and a services co-ordinator at the city's new social planning department, she drew residents to a series of bilingual meetings in the Chan living room. These, chaired by Walter Chan, resulted in the formation of SPOTA in December, 1968. Membership quickly climbed to more than 400 dues-paying homeowners and tenants, all of them noisily anxious to stay in the district. Members relied on Shirley's outside contacts to make their views clear to the media and the three levels of government.

SPOTA's first coup was to put its case publicly to touring Paul Hellyer, then housing minister, who coincidentally reprieved Strathcona from immediate demolition by freezing federal contributions to urban renewal in a budget cutback. But it was Hellyer's successor, Robert Andras, who gave the Chinese a real firecracker with which to disrupt the seemingly inexorable proceedings at city hall. After a July, 1969, banquet in his honor staged by SPOTA, Andras made a major policy speech attacking the conventional wisdom of urban renewal, then bluntly informed city council that Strathcona residents must be involved in any planning for the area.

Last fall SPOTA was waiting for the release of a report by its own consulting firm, hired with federal and municipal funds, on the prospects of neighborhood rehabilitation. Ottawa had undertaken its own pilot project in the area to study the costs of renovating old houses. More than two million dollars had been set aside.

Residents were hopeful of a system of federal grants and/or home-improvement loans, but despite representation on a working committee they were still leery of the city, which had done little more than acknowledge SPOTA's recommendations. There were renewed fears that a freeway system might eventually fragment the neighborhood. There were signs of market pressure, for Strathcona was now zoned for highrise development. "We want to help the residents do whatever they want," said Andras, "and we'd like to see everybody get off their backs until they can decide what that is."

Shirley Chan, now 23 and completing her last semester at Simon Fraser, was thinking about going on to law school as preparation for further work in the community. But she could not see herself playing an overt leader's role within the association she had formed. "The Chinese people respect what I can do," she said without pride or prejudice, "but if I were president of SPOTA I would be discounted for being a woman and young." □



The girl is demure, but determined, the house is modest, but large enough for visiting relatives and overflowing gardens. When Shirley Chan set out to save this home on Keefer Street from the wreckers, she helped save an entire neighborhood.

In Gastown, developer Larry Killam's business savvy brought the swingers into the slum



Killam with statue he commissioned of Gassy Jack Deighton Vandals decapitated it

"GASSY JACK" DEIGHTON was a voluble seafaring man who opened a saloon on the shore of Burrard Inlet in 1867. The place was patronized by hard-drinking loggers; a settlement spread out around it. They called the settlement Gastown. One night in 1875 (so the story goes) Deighton's big mastiff started to howl and the publican roused himself from sleep and said, "You son of a bitch, there's something going to happen," and presently he died. Gastown became the tenderloin of Vancouver. The city did not savor its rude name and origin until provincial gentility petered out in the late Fifties. The resurgence of the eight-block district came a decade later. Now it swings as no other in Canada but *Vieux Montréal*. Private enterprise rather than city planning effected the change, and one man — again — started it all.

Larry Killam is a 31-year-old member of the Vancouver establishment who celebrated his graduation from UBC by hitchhiking from Singapore to London. In 1966 he was living in Toronto's Yorkville, still in its initial sprouting phase of hair and boutiques. Vancouver's skid road, he thought, was more interesting territory than the middle-class Yorkville environs. There was no romance in his thinking. He was out to make money.

Back in Vancouver in 1968 Killam started acquiring evil-smelling Gastown flophouses while real-estate salesmen clapped each other on the back. Boulder Rooms, on Cordova Street, had been on the market for more than two years at $47,000. Killam picked it up for $19,000 and was considered a very foolish young man. Its market value is now $125,000. Killam's invariable strategy was to kick out the derelicts and scrape away dirt and plaster to expose original beams and brick. He would rent the rooms to a new kind of young people he had noticed in the area. They were not hippies exactly. They had long hair, they were partial to pot and one another. They liked to build sleeping lofts in his high-ceilinged old rooms. And — what mattered to Killam — they worked. His rents were about $50 a month.

Gradually he found better tenants for the ground floors of the refurbished buildings: cafés, coffee clubs, specialty boutiques. Other developers and entrepreneurs moved in. Gastown became the place to go, especially on Sundays when closing bylaws were ignored. ("Breaking the law has kept Gastown alive," says Mayor Tom Campbell indulgently.) Today Killam's Town Group owns eight properties there, an investment of about $400,000. Other recent Gastown investments total more than two million dollars and comprise 95 businesses, some "booming, some marginal.

The ambience of Gastown is based on a unique melding of human strata. Gumming draft beer in seedy beverage rooms, panhandling on the corners and obliterating themselves with bay rum in narrow alleys are (1) the derelicts, whose new interest in life is viewing with alarm and vicarious lechery the antics of (2) the hippies and Sunday hippies. These are clustered everywhere, blue-jeaned and bra-less, rattling their love beads disconsolately and affecting a tolerant disdain for (3) a cross section of all the straights in Vancouver. Shaughnessy matrons stroll in and out of the shops, distribute quarters and eye the bums and the freaks with joy and suspicion.



Larry Killam makes a complex, fluttering gesture. "It's a little world that happens to work in Vancouver," he says. "There is no huge disharmony between the new people and even the worst of the skid-road personalities. There is no fear of the ghetto in Canada. In Seattle a project based on the Gastown pattern failed because of tensions between blacks and whites. Here the kids feel at home, the panhandlers have discovered a bonanza because of the turnover, and little old ladies in tennis shoes find it terribly exciting." The shops cater to a fairly affluent young crowd.







There has been a good deal of contention about the displacement of the derelicts from their rooms. A city social-planning department co-ordinator has said that, following redevelopment, indigents "invariably move within a quarter-mile of where they were before and invariably into a worse environment." Impossible, says Killam, "because the worst buildings are what we started with. Initially the city reacted to my moves with joy," he adds. "Now I have their social problems like an albatross around my neck. But my attitude is that, since the city doubled taxes on Gastown buildings in a single year, the derelict problem is theirs. They've got a chunk of my dough to pay for the solution." Killam, says an acquaintance, "doesn't mean to do good. He is a carnivore among the vegetarians." □



Gastown medley: shops for the chic (open Sunday despite city bylaw), $50-a-month pads for the hirsute, sidewalks for the enduring bum

On the pollution front, middle-class activists confront 'the extinction of the human race'



THE FEARS OF Vancouver's hidebound city hall have long centred on the Hippie Menace — such oraganizations as the "pig"-baiting (but leaderless) Vancouver Liberation Front. Recently the city has been taking a dim view of a middle-class pressure group called the Society for Pollution and Environmental Control (SPEC) on the grounds that it, too, is political and radical. "I'm starting to worry about SPEC," Mayor Tom Campbell told *Maclean's*. "As an anti-pollution society, it smells. I've got a feeling that it's becoming a leftist political party." The city editor of the Vancouver *Sun*, Patrick Nagle, has objected to SPEC's media-conscious "stridency ... I am not going to consider favorably every half-baked, half-assed, woolly-headed individual who comes through the door."

Since everyone is, or professes to be, an enemy of pollution, SPEC's own enemies ostensibly oppose its methods rather than its aims. Their attitude points up an unfortunate truth about SPEC and other action-oriented organizations: that such groups tend to move too quickly and forcefully against too many targets to get the broad-based public support they need. Within SPEC a tendency toward what the New Left calls radicalization seemed to emerge last spring after Robin Harger, an assistant zoology professor at the University of British Columbia, became president. "Robin is an eco-freak," says a colleague.

Under Harger and his more moderate predecessor, founding member and executive director Derrick Mallard, the two-year-old SPEC has become the loudest mature voice of dissent in Vancouver and the province. With 8,000 members and a dozen individual action groups in Greater Vancouver alone, it rivals Totonto's Pollution Ptobe as the country's most powerful proponent of ecological improvement. (The two groups have joined with others in setting up the first national anti-pollution organization, the Canadian Association on the Human Environment.) But SPEC's rate of membership increase has slowed down, while the resignation last fall of eight directors of a Nanaimo branch suggests that the society's executives have failed to reach a tactical consensus.

The fact that Harger's tenure at SPEC has been marked by controversy surprises nobody at UBC. An idealist, a soft voicer of harsh words, a wolfish figure in a sheepskin coat, Harger might have been cast as a revolutionary by MGM. His loyal students see him as a free spirit who is as good at teaching as he is inept at ingratiating himself with faculty colleagues and superiors. A 32-year-old native New Zealander whose field is experimental ecology, Harger wrote his PhD thesis at the University of California at Santa Barbara on competitive interaction between two species of sea mussels — and noted angrily that more than half his research animals died in the oil-slicked Santa Barbara channel. Last October, long after alienating UBC officials with an expressed desire to teach exclusively rather than conduct specialized research and publish, Harger received an expected one-year terminal appointment. His contract would have been renewed, he believes, had he not been involved with SPEC. "The acting head of the department said my community work was irrelevant. What I was doing could have been done by anybody — a butcher."

SPEC's targets have tended to be dragons of overpowering strength. "We are dealing with total environment," says Mallard. Harger says the society is becoming a political entity in the larger sense of "changing people's lives." In the narrow sense, too, SPEC has turned to political action. A poster campaign portraying MacMillan Bloedel, the pulp and paper giant, as BC's king of polluters resulted in a liaison with three woods unions. "Most of these people are socialists," says Harger. "We've encouraged them to use environmental issues as a lever. Either the companies must clean up or face expropriation." Assorted SPEC villains: BC Hydro for its use of dangerous defoliants, pesticide and detergent manufacturers, the U.S. government, most recently over the Amchitka bomb blast, the Canadian government for its "attrition of civil liberties."



SPEC's Robin Harger. Background: MacMillan Bloedel office

Victories have been on a more modest scale. A West End action group attacked a city council scheme to widen streets and cut down trees. "Campbell stepped in and stopped the project when it was obviously going to blow up in his face," says Harger. A Coquitlam development that threatened Boundary Bay was held back through SPEC agitation. A bylaw prohibiting the use of certain defoliants was passed in one district following SPEC picketing. The society is working on the first comprehensive air pollution survey in the Lower Mainland and advocating a broader system of rapid transit than the 24-mile network proposed recently for Vancouver.

Harger is well aware that SPEC has alienated many people who want to fight local pollution without tilting at windmills or being maneuvered into a political posture. "The traditional liberal approach would be great if we were selling toothpaste," he says. "It's simply too late for that. We are trying to hold off the extinction of the human race." He believes that the people of Vancouver will "catch up to SPEC" partly through the society's own efforts to educate them. "If we're not right we'll die," he says. "If we are right we'll get stronger." □

In the pews, the Law Squad



Mike Harcourt (centre) with colleagues at church office

HIS FIRST CASE involved a man pursued by creditors — only it turned out there was no dragon to slay because if the man had only bothered to talk to the creditors his problem could have been ironed out. His second "client" was a woman who wanted support from a drunken, brutal husband — but she kept taking him back, so finally the case was dropped in despair.

'And bang went a couple of illusions,' says Mike Harcourt. "First, debt collectors aren't all ogres, and second there are some human situations no law can handle."

Harcourt is 27, the bachelor son of a prosperous insurance broker, and a lawyer who has yet to go into practice. But he may already have had more impact on the law and its place in our society than any other lawyer in Canada.

Legal-aid schemes are common. Under the best of them (which BC's is not) anyone who needs a lawyer's help can get it, however empty his pockets. But making the law available does not solve the larger problem: the average man, and more particularly the poor one, looks upon the law and all authority as an enemy. In Vancouver, as it has to all North America, the decade has brought a polarization between the people on the one hand and all authority on the other.

The aim of Mike Harcourt and his lawyer and law-student colleagues in Vancouver's Inner-City Legal Services and Research Project (they call themselves "The Law Squad") is to end alienation between the urban poor and the law. They are taking the law to the people, not waiting for them to seek it.

Harcourt is in fact archetypical of a new breed of social activists who seek to change society and our environment through their own areas of expertise. "It's a 'physician-heal-thyself' sort of thing,' says Harcourt.

The treatment, as Harcourt saw it from the outset in the summer of 1969, was to set up neighborhood legal advice clinics to show people how to use the law to help themselves. For instance, Harcourt's "law squad" has started do-it-yourself classes for women seeking divorces.

The clinics — held in community centres and church halls — are staffed by volunteer law students and lawyers. To publicize the clinics Harcourt used Vancouver's ubiquitous open-line radio shows, newspaper advertising and action-line columns, and sought referrals from welfare agencies.

The problems handled are as varied as humanity: abandoned wives seeking either welfare or maintenance, householders snared in a dilatory city bureaucracy, people in unmanageable debt, tenants at odds with landlords, consumers seeking redress from stores or manufacturers, people trying to stop a neighborhood pollution source, all seek aid from the law squad.

So do community action groups — SPOTA, the residents' group that saved Chinatown, and organized hippie groups have all been guided by Harcourt. 'The law can help us change the quality of our lives," says Harcourt. "For instance, we're researching now to see how well building maintenance laws are being enforced. We suspect not very well."

That research — along with other studies of the problems of the poor and of pollution and of the value of social changes such as tenant-management for public housing — will lead to recommendations to provincial and city governments to change laws, make new ones or enforce old ones more diligently.

And now that the law squad seems to be established, Harcourt plans to go into practice "and learn more about how to be a lawyer." But he will almost certainly remain fundamentally what he calls a "poverty lawyer — a grey-flannel guerrilla." □

On the media front, a cheeky game with technology's toys

ANDY WARHOL and his pop-art soup cans were, in hindsight, just the beginning — a man trying to say that the artifacts of technology could be considered today's art, if you used your imagination. In the years since Warhol was news the bigger problem has emerged: the pace of technology is too fast for man to grasp, so that in today's city — today's Vancouver — it often seems to man that the machines control him.

Vancouver is unique in that it has a group of artists, good and bad, working in all mediums to make art a bridge across this chasm between the technological city and its citizens. They call themselves Intermedia.

As Intermedia's managing director, black-bearded Barry Cramer, puts it: "Technology has made tremendous advances, and people have become dehumanized because of it. We want people to understand that technology can be married to artistic impulses." Or co-ordinator Elli Gomber, the only other paid employee of Intermedia: "The idea is to expose people to the notion that they themselves can create an art-full more lively environment."

The campaign has two prongs. First it tries to introduce individual artists to technology so they can use it to express artistic concepts.



Barry Cramer of Intermedia

Artist Audrey Capel Doray said that she would "lap it up" if she could learn how to co-ordinate auxiliary and total sound reproduction with paintings.

So Intermedia, formally a registered charitable organization, set up with $40,000 from the Canada Council and smaller private grants, provides artists with access to the toys of technology, from tape machines and cameras to duplicating equipment. It even has its own offset press.

Secondly, it tries to involve the people — partly by making equipment available to them as well, partly by demonstrating how technological equipment can be used creatively. They have, for instance, produced "paintings" with IBM typewriters and even copying machines.

Three times they have taken over the Vancouver Art Gallery as a showplace, and on each occasion admission was sometimes free and sometimes the gallery stayed open past midnight. The most recent show was housed in geodesic domes — products of technology yet also beautiful.

And co-operating with the Art Gallery, Intermedia artists have helped set up and run a gallery-cum-art workshop in the former church hall next to the group's headquarters. It, too, is open at all hours and at any time you can see kindergarten kids through to senior citizens painting, dancing, weaving, sculpting, filming. The results don't matter, the effort — the involvement — does. "Come and create," they say. And people do.

But some of Intermedia's efforts don't quite reach their audience—as when *Maclean's* photography director Horst Ehricht showed up to arrange a picture that would illustrate the group's endeavors. With Cramer there were a few other Intermedia members. They said that since Intermedia was in the media business, *Maclean's* should provide the space and they'd provide picture and story.

When Ehricht tried to understand just what Intermedia was, everyone except Cramer whipped out cameras and started photographing Ehricht. So he took pictures of them taking pictures of him and they said there — that's Intermedia. At least one kind because, they say, any interrelationship between people and the artifacts and media of modern life is Intermedia. □



Five wise men who love Vancouver draw up the guidelines that can keep their city livable

ON THE PRECEDING *eight pages we have shown what some people are doing to improve Vancouver It's not enough A few dedicated people cannot change the fact that Vancouver is the nation's most livable city not because it has been beautifully planned and built but because of its natural environment That environment — mountains and sea — is also the reason why Vancouver is in crisis The sea and the mountains limit the city's options They are the impregnable hedge around just 800 square miles of the Fraser Valley available for development an area already being eraded by strawberry-box tract housing* Maclean's *went to a panel of five men well qualified to suggest some solutions to the city's problems For different reasons, each believes Vancouver may be eyeball to eyeball with catastrophe Each believes it can be averted And each also believes that because of its environment Vancouver has more to lose than any other North American city if its problems aren't solved*

The five Ecologist Dr Albert Turnbull Sanon Fraser University, architect Arthur Ericksan urban sociologist Dr George Gray, University of British Columbia, Vancouver's city planner Wilham Graham and geographer Dr Walter Hardwick of UBC who is also a city aldermen Here are their findings

Big is bad, so curb the city's growth

Vancouver's growth rate is an explosive 7% per year And that is felt to be disastrously fast The ecologist said 'To preserve even our present livability we should find some way to limit the population The growth rate is so fast it's impossible to handle without a sweeping plan for the future and powers to enforce it — which we don't have It leads to appalling tract development, which eats up scarce land, and creates social problems that affect everyone The various governments should at least stop the "Come To Glorious Vancouver" promotions that attract people Here, big is bad' The architect "We need a period of *status quo* If growth can be slowed for a while there would be time to decide where we're going and to preserve the environment by reclaiming the waterfront for public use including the Gulf Islands now largely privately — and American — owned" The sociologist offered a plan He said 'The sensible way to slow things down would be to induce or force new industries to locate elsewhere, perhaps in now stagnant centres in the BC interior That way, industrial and administrative operations wouldn't go where the work force is the work force would have to go to the work."

Let the people plan their own Vancouver

Vancouver may have more citizens' groups concerned about their environment than any other Canadian city They have also operated with more success than elsewhere — SPOTA for instance which saved Chinatown City planners don't present final development plans to council until citizens and citizens' groups have had a chance to comment on and influence their first proposals Even so, the experts think new ways to involve citizens must be found The sociologist was most emphatic 'Some way must be found to give all social, cultural and ethnic groups more influence in running the city Without it, these groups coalesce, feel alienated, embattled frustrated and hostile to others Vancouver's problem is the exclusivity of its two main power structures The Non-Partisan Association (NPA) which traditionally runs city hall, is business-oriented and conservative, inevitably, its aldermen see the city from a sort of real-estate and business standpoint The other power group is The Electors' Action Movement (TEAM), dominated by academics and social activists — essentially a middle-class elitist group It would make more sociological sense to elect aldermen to represent certain ethnic or income groups." The geographer, also a TEAM social activist, said "In recent years a sort of city-focused Naderism has grown up It has to be developed so all citizens have constant access to a more flexible power structure The young only learn that evolution is better than revolution if they are involved'

Start planning — or become a rural slum

Vancouver has no regional government and, in consequence, no effective land-use policy This means inadequate public control over what development is located where Land that farsighted experts know will be needed as park or other open space inside a decade is being covered with houses, apartments, industries The ecologist said that without a master plan, 'the city's environment will become a massive rural slum" Vancouver, he said, 'can't afford the detached single-family house any more — we don't have the land.' He warned that the Lower Mainland is less capable of surviving pollution than most places "Authorities should recognize Vancouver suffers even more acutely from the climatic and geographic conditions that bedevil Los Angeles Despite that, public transport is so inadequate some families on the outskirts of the sprawl actually need three and four cars so that cars are responsible for more pollution here than they are elsewhere This apart, there are 18 sewage outlets in and around Vancouver's rivers and waterways All but two of them put out raw sewage" Both architect and geographer argued that the city itself should relinquish its cherished image as a world port The architect said "It's an absurd waste of a magnificent natural asset to use that waterfront within the city for warehousing Freighters should be provided with port facilities somewhere else, where people aren't." The geographer "Get rid of that damned port in Burrard Inlet next door to the downtown city Harbor facilities should be like Roberts Bank superport — located away from developed areas The pollution such facilities can cause — on a fine day, when they're loading wheat, the dust can produce hay fever over a large residential area — is appalling"

Build rapid transit, not expressways

The experts — predictably — agreed the city needs a rapid transit system They disagreed about what kind The architect and ecologist argued in favor of a grid system for the whole area, this would allow people to bypass downtown They claimed the proposed radial system, in which all lines lead downtown would destroy the city because the downtown core would become so overcrowded it would be unattractive The ecologist also argued an extended transit system would result in intensive development close to the stations, thus slowing down the urban sprawl promoted by express way systems The geographer argued in favor of a transit system so good that people would realize a car is not a prerequisite of the good life Said the planner, "We must devise new forms of communication For instance, our downtown land is suitable for underground boring We could have a whole road and transportation system underground That would free the 37% of surface land now taken up by streets for growth and environmental improvement"



A tangle of wires a barrage of signs affront the eye on Robson Street

Homogenize housing to end alienation

Sociologist geographer, planner — all agreed that housing developments should be 'homogenized' The geographer "We have highrise apartment areas occupied solely by single people, young childless couples and the elderly There should also be accommodation in the same places for growing families, and of various types and prices, so that there is also a healthy age and social mix" The planner "In apartment complexes occupied by just the young and the elderly there are already signs of loneliness and alienation"

Cut back the industrial sprawl

Can Vancouver remain an industry-based city? The consensus was No The ecologist argued that, mountain-locked on three sides and with the Pacific on the fourth, Vancouver lacks adequate communications to be an industrial city It also lacks the land for industrial sprawl, and the climate to deal with industrial pollution The architect claimed that Vancouver is preeminently suited to be a repository of talent and expertise a sort of "massive think-tank to the world" But the sociologist warned "Vancouver is already becoming a specialized city of managerial, academic and talented people And that's bad Cities need vitality that comes from interaction between differing social and occupational groups'

Bar the auto, and end the ugliness

Even the planner, a city employee, had to agree that Vancouver could look better The others were more damning The ecologist said "If you dumped the place in the middle of the prairies it would look like hell and no one would enjoy living there" The architect's solutions were most sweeping, most idealistic First, he said, all plans to provide more access to the downtown core should be halted, with the long-term aim of keeping all private cars outside "All cities must do this some time, but Vancouver is unique in that it could do so more easily than most It is built on a peninsula surrounded by water That means you can keep traffic out more easily Downtown movement should be by rapid transit, cheap cabs and maybe even bicycles provided by the city That done, some form of regional government should at first confine all major office and apartment development to the downtown area It would become a privilege to build there, not a right The clients for office and living space would demand the best, and developers would have to stop slapping together these slab-sided highrise human beehives."

And who pays for all this?

The planner and the geographer emphasized that all things were possible if only there were money to pay for them As the planner said "The old property-tax system of city financing is absurdly inadequate As the city grows we'll need more facilities to maintain a lifestyle at least as good as the present one And under present financing systems we can't afford to do that let alone to improve things' □

The Vancouver I Want To Live In — by the Schoolchildren of Vancouver

The experts have had their say Now *Maclean's* would like to know what the youngsters of Vancouver think should be done to keep their city livable We will pay $50 for the best essay by a public school student and $50 for the best essay by a high-school student on this subject The winning essays will be printed in *Maclean's* They must be handwritten not more than 500 words long, and be received by the editors on or before January 14, 1971 Entries should be sent to School Essay *Maclean's* 481 University Avenue, Toronto 101, Ont





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From Bruce Cockburn To Youth— A Very Private Message

BY JACK BATTEN

1 WHEN BRUCE COCKBURN and his wife Kitty drive about the Canadian country side and into the cities in their camper truck, bound for Cockburn's singing engagements at colleges and in coffeehouses and on television programs, they take as their constant companion a large, bounding, handsome part Irish wolfhound mongrel dog. One day not long ago a man on a street in Toronto stopped to pat the dog and asked his name. Aroo, Cockburn answered. Why do you call him that? the man went on, not sure whether to laugh or to doubt. "Because," Cockburn said, wearing his customary grave expression, "that's what he answers to."

2 It has been the fate of Cockburn (pronounced Co burn) to find his young career analyzed in terms of Gordon Lightfoot's more seasoned success. Critics do not quite describe him as the young pretender to the throne of Canadian folk writer-singers that Lightfoot has occupied these last half dozen years, but they at least make the careful point that Cockburn, who is 25, is traveling in precisely the path laid out earlier by Lightfoot, who is 30. On the surface the comparison falls into neat place. In the past year Cockburn has experienced the sudden rush of attention that Lightfoot went through in 1965. His first album is running away in sales averaging one thousand a month, a figure for a folk album rivaled in Canada only by Lightfoot's own. He is a packed house draw at college concerts and other singers, including Anne Murray, are hurrying to record his songs. And his fame is creeping beyond the predominantly young folk audience through *Goin' Down The Road*, the financially triumphant and award-winning Canadian movie for which Cockburn wrote and sang the evocative sound track.

Still there is a quality about Cockburn that separates him from Lightfoot, indeed from all other Canadian composers and singers. The quality is privacy, a sense of quiet exclusive completeness that exists within his own head. And for this Cockburn is beginning to speak to an extraordinary number of young people who are, like him, quite simply retreating into their own quiet preserve of thoughts and inclinations. Where Lightfoot, for instance, is social and aggressive, Cockburn is personal and hushed, exploring deeply, for perhaps the first time in Canadian song, a young man's inner country. This introspection of his leads him to write lyrics that aren't always immediately accessible, that demand time and attention bordering on intimacy to grasp. It almost takes Cockburn's kind of intelligence — quick but thoughtful, slightly eccentric, poetic intelligence — to travel with him into his songs. But more and more young Canadians in his audience are willing to make the trip. To them Cockburn is a new and special messenger, and the message is privacy.

3 Cockburn's father is a radiologist in Ottawa and the home that he and his wife made there for their son Bruce and his two younger brothers is solid conventional religious (United Church), loving, athletic and not particularly musical. There is though Mr. Cockburn's piano playing. "He plays by ear in the key of F," Bruce says. "He does everything with an old-time stride bass, and I used to think it was terribly square when I was a kid. I'd put it down. But now I can hear the good in it and I like the feeling he gets not the songs, but the feeling I like it."

4 Bernie Finkelstein of Toronto, who became Cockburn's manager on a handshake a year ago, figures that occasionally in Cockburn's early career he was beat (Finkelstein's word). What he means is that club owners, promoters and managers, not understanding Cockburn's talent, presented him in ways that, at best, canceled out the talent. Finkelstein confesses that at first he, too, missed Cockburn's appeal, that in fact many people do not initially understand his songs and singing, and that because of the early experiences — being beat — Cockburn is cautious about his career. Gene Martynec, an exceptionally gifted Toronto guitarist and the producer of Cockburn's records, agrees that Cockburn is resistant (Martynec's word) with his music. Martynec says that he himself learned to approach the recording of Cockburn's songs on soft shoes (more Martynec words) and to concentrate, as producer, on creating a pure atmosphere in which Cockburn's music would shine through crystal clear.

The sense of guardedness in Cockburn that Finkelstein's and Martynec's experiences express is subliminally constant in any contact with Cockburn. He has erected his personal line of defenses against misunderstanding, and the first is a wall of serenity. For a stranger to talk to Cockburn is, in the beginning, before Cockburn accepts him, rather like communicating with the Dalai Lama: the subject is a cheerful and likable but remote figure.

When all else fails Cockburn has a talent for simply withdrawing. One day recently, he was in the recording studios of Eastern Sound in Toronto cutting his second album of songs to be released this month. He was working on a tune called *Sun Wheel Dance*, a spirited, complex instrumental without voice that will be the album's title number. He had played eight takes of the song, and on each either Martynec or Cockburn had detected tiny imperfections inaudible to all but the fussiest ears. Cockburn was preparing to play it again. 'Wait a minute,' he suddenly said to the control booth from inside the studio where he sat alone. "I'm getting boggled." He slid off his stool, and in a corner of the studio, stood on his head in a perfect yogi position. It lasted for several minutes. Then he returned and played a matchless take.

5 Cockburn started guitar lessons at 13 and piano lessons at 17. As an Ottawa teenager, he wrote a young people's church service and worked in high school rock bands. But through all his adolescent experiences he felt no inclination to make his life in music. Then his parents insisted that he get a higher education, and he decided that the least painful route was a course at the respected Berklee School of Music in Boston. Before Berklee he bummed his way to Europe where he lived with six English dope peddlers in Copenhagen, sang at hootenannies for uncomprehending but appreciative Swedes in Stockholm and performed in a three-man street orchestra in Montmartre until Paris police threw him into jail. He spent a couple of semesters at Berklee, not working hard enough but absorbing lessons in composition and theory at his classes and in blues and jazz after classes. He left before graduation to join an Ottawa rock band called Children. "The trouble was that we were enthusiastic but awfully naïve," says Cockburn. "We didn't know how to play together or live together and we ended up destroying each other." After Children, Cockburn worked in a series of bands for three years, the Esquires, Olivus, Flying Circus, 3's A Crowd. He says, "I went through a lot of aspects and learned about playing in different musical atmospheres. I was always committed to the bands at first, but often I would be the one in the end to break them up by leaving. I was discovering that I had to do my music by myself."

6 Kitty was the girl who sat at the corner table in the Ottawa after-hours club and put a hex on Cockburn. Then they got married. The two events were seperated by three years, but anyone watching them together, seeing them fall naturally into affectionate communion in any situation, actually alone together, can't imagine either of them ever finding any other partner in the world. They are beautiful in each other's company. Kitty is long-haired and slender and her body exudes a kind of bony elegance, like a much younger Katharine Hepburn. She has generous features that all click right into place and a hushed way of entering and leaving a room, not at all the sort of girl you would expect to whip up a hex, but that's the way Cockburn remembers it. 'She used to get her boy friend to take



'I'm going to the country' is more than a song to Cockburn; it's a statement of intent. The wilderness is a recurring theme in his songs, a theme springing from his Ottawa Valley youth, sharpened by a private, poetic intelligence. This sense of aloneness, of withdrawal, underlies his powerful appeal to young people.

her to a club where I was playing with a group we called the Heavenly Blue, and I was conscious of someone over at the side hexing me just giving off some feeling. So naturally I began to note who it was — Kitty — and we met. Kitty, at the time was poking away at art school and at Carleton University and then as she says, she went with Bruce. They've been together for four years, married since December 1969, a circumstance that Kitty points out amazes many people in their age bracket and business who are attuned to much more ephemeral relationships between the sexes.

The amazement mildly interests Bruce and Kitty.

In his conversation and his songs, Cockburn sidesteps clichés, but when he comes to describe the act of song-writing he falls back on one. It's a "mysterious process" is what he's driven to say. "I know how the songs gradually turn over in my mind when I'm working on them but there's a very subconscious process going on that I can't explain. Before I got into song-writing, I didn't think I had anything to say. But a poet in Ottawa named Bill Hawkins encouraged me to try writing. He's an amazing guy. Once he was named Young Man Of The Year by the Ottawa Chamber of Commerce, and actually he was completely subversive of everything the Chamber of Commerce stood for. I started by writing the music for his lyrics and then I tried both words and music myself. My first was a rock and roll thing called *Baby, You're Not Leaving Me Out Baby. I'm Heaving You Out*. It was about as terrible as it sounds. But the more I wrote the more I discovered comments I had to make. For three or four years I found I was really writing two kinds of songs — songs for the different bands I was playing with and songs that were meant just for me. The first were awfully pretentious but the personal songs sounded much better, and that discovery helped me see I had to be alone in music. I don't write songs very quickly. I carry notebooks with me and write lines and verses in them all the time about things my head gets into. And sometimes the words sit there for months going through changes. Then after a while, it gets necessary to write a song. I feel constipated. I have to get a song down and usually within two or three days of that feeling I produce a song. This is where the mysterious process comes in — I can't explain what happens in my head at these stages. What's even stranger in a way is that sometimes I haven't any idea what the song is really all about, until I've been singing it for months. Sometimes it's a person from out of an audience who comes up and points out to me what it is I've written. When that happens, it stuns me."

The association of Cockburn with the Canadian wilderness is lengthy, intimate and, as a recurring theme in many of his songs, crucial to any understanding of his music. He dresses like a splendid survivor of Robin Hood's merry men in russet colors and leather jerkins, boot-high moccasins and swirling scarves, and in his moments away from music he and Kitty camp out, stroll in the woods and meet nature up close. "*I'm going to the country*," he sings in one of his most popular and most happy songs. "*Sunshine smile on me*." He first encountered the country as a child visiting his grandfather's farm near Ottawa, but it was a boy's camp in Algonquin Park that "got me into the woods," he recalls. "One summer I had a job at the camp, the only straight work I've ever done. I washed out the giant porridge pot every day. It was disgusting but it didn't beat my feelings about being in the woods. If it didn't, nothing could."

Here is a weird phenomenon: older people who meet Cockburn — people over, say, 40 — expect him to produce the answers to the perplexing, troubling, awful life they're stuck with. Maybe it's the calm he radiates. Maybe it's his wise and young face. Strangers ask him hard questions. When Cockburn appeared as a guest on the Elwood Glover CBC-TV show from Toronto in the late fall, the questions came, and so did the answers, sort of.

Glover: Do you think there's any indication that we're going to have a better life?

Cockburn: I really doubt it. The way things are going you can't get any better except in a material way. The machines get bigger all the time and do more things. But people are awfully screwed up despite the machines.

Glover: What is success to you? Are you successful?

Cockburn: I don't know. The act of communicating with people is the most important thing and, on the occasions when I communicate, I feel successful.

Glover: But what about money? You must be doing very well financially now?

Cockburn: Ummm, well, we had to borrow something to get down to Toronto from Ottawa for this show. But I'm not concerned about money.

A polite voice from out of the slight gloom of the War Memorial Auditorium in Guelph, Ontario, about tenth row centre, asks for a request. "Sing something from your movie," the voice calls belonging you can make out, to a boy in his late teens. "From *Goin' Down The Road*. If you would." It's been the same request for the last six months, and Cockburn alone on a stool in the spotlight, looks patient. "I'm sorry," he says into the microphone in a soft and timid voice. "I don't sing those songs. When I wrote them, I wrote them to express the point of view of the people in the movie. It isn't my point of view. It isn't me. So you know, I can't sing them here." □

How Dear Old Jasper Park Is Bumping And Grinding Into The Seventies



A staid and ancient summer resort sets out to transform itself into a swinging ski centre — with a belly dancer, ski-bunnies, and shattered taboos. Next thing you know, they'll ask for TV!

BY JAMES FLECK, S.J.

FROM OTTAWA TO the ski slopes of the Canadian Rockies in Jasper National Park is 2,268 miles, or 50 hours and 15 minutes of old-fashioned railroading aboard Canadian National's Super Continental. And Canadian winters being what they are, no one takes that schedule too literally.

But it's a rewarding odyssey — and almost a necessary one if, as I did, you wanted to be in at the start of something momentous in the folklore of Canada last winter: the opening up of CN's very expensive Jasper Park Lodge mountain resort to the ski crowd. The lodge is a jewel in the necklace of great Canadian railway hotels that span Canada, all aging monuments to the new mobility of the 1920s, which starts with the Algonquin in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and runs west to Lake Louise and the year-round Empress in Victoria. In themselves they are a Great Canadian Cliché: Expensive gentility, home of discreet indiscretions . . . and now the Jasper Park Lodge is staying open in winter for the noisy, rambunctious ski crowd.

One wonders why it wasn't done before. The site is spectacular, high among some of the finest scenery in the world. The nearest place of any size is Edmonton, 234 miles to the east, out of which commuting skiers flow like lemmings on weekends. But they drive or take the train because Jasper's airfield doesn't function in winter. So for me, taking the Super Continental made sense.

Its arrival at Ottawa from Montreal coincides with the second sitting for dinner, where the best buy is the roast beef with horseradish. But finish quickly. At nine o'clock it's bingo. A bilingual steward presides. "B-Seven — *B-Sept*." First, it's straight bingo. Then four-cornered bingo. Then a cross, and an X and finally the letters C and N. Prize upon prize, cigarette lighters, address books — all hall-marked CN. The Jet Liners passing overhead may have movies, but CN and its Super Continental has bingo!

And then to the club car, where a boy and girl are singing folk songs: his from Ireland and hers from the Ontario farm country. A lumberjack from Newfoundland is making time with an Ottawa secretary, showing her card tricks. The bar is doing well.

To bed in roomette Number Six, and the contortions of Houdini to unlimber the toilet and washbasin, use them, haul down the bed, which then completely occupies the available space, by first opening the door and zipping closed the drape. Poke your backside into the corridor, turn a crank and yank down the bed. But remember to undress first, otherwise you have to start over.

And sleep to the diddley-dop lullaby of the wheels until light sneaks in through the shades. Peer out at the green-and-white world of Christmas trees, branches etched with snow. And marvel. This is God's work, not man's.

Breakfast with a CN employee produces the information that the railway is now sending conductors to a charm school where, among other things, they are actually taught to smile at passengers. And at 9:40 a.m. — still what? 1,665 miles from Jasper Park — we're at Hornepayne, north of Lake Superior, for a 20-minute stop for a crew change.

By late afternoon the Rockies are only 1,000 miles away. Time to get in shape. Roomettes are, surprisingly, big enough for push-ups, knee bends and other pre-ski exercises, plus 30 minutes jogging at 70 mph to the metronome beat: diddley-dop, diddley-dop, diddley-dop.

And we rock and sway on through the prairies by night and day, through Edmonton to collect a crowd of the young with ski hats and boots and stilt-like skis, and then up through the mountains, through the serpentine Athabasca valley to Jasper, only an hour late. Somewhere, unseen mountains are hiding in the night as we skiers climb down, chattering, from the Super Continental, to be greeted by the sombre gaze of carved creatures on a 70-foot totem pole.

The supernatural raven peers from its perch on top. An old woman peeks up from the bottom. The symbols of the taboos of an ancient Indian religion lurk in between. And when we finally reach Jasper Park Lodge, Catholic priests from the mountain regions, adjourned from a deanery meeting, are continuing their arguments in the night club. Asmara, an Egyptian belly dancer, slithers and sways. The modern religious taboos of celibacy, papal authority, and the Pill are carved out of an existential totem, punctuated by the bumps and grinds of Asmara and her music.

The late show ends. The clergy return to their cloister. The deer and elk nibble the grass between cabins. In the morning I see for the first time what Jasper Park Lodge is like in mid-winter. My cabin overlooks a snow-covered expanse of what in summertime is sparkling Lac Beauvert. To the south is the golf course topped by Signal Mountain. The greens are surrounded by high fences to protect the frozen putting surface from the sharp hooves of deer and elk. To the north is the main building. The main lobby and boutiques are open still. Shuttered and cold are the dining room with its clutter of tables and chairs for 700 summer guests, the empty branch of the Imperial Bank of Commerce, barber shop and beauty salon. Hidden in the woods are the less sightly two-story dormitories for the staff. One hundred yards down from my cabin is the clubhouse, the heart of the new ski-crowd venture. Its dining room, kitchens and bar are used for the lodge's winter operations.

In summer, it is $62.50 a day for two in a cabin such as mine with a screened front porch (now glassed-in). The most expensive are Point and Outlook cabins, $170 per day for four, plus $25 for each additional person. Winter rates are lower, $40 a day double and ski specials of five nights for two at $125 per person, or $155 for singles. The management doesn't want singles if it can get doubles.

Helping to fulfill management's hopes are two elderly Edmonton businessmen who noticeably differ from the ski crowd by their appearance and agility. The businessmen and their "secretaries" are conducting an extended deal in one of the high-priced cabins with kitchenette and fireplace. The foursome appears briefly at dinner each night, the oldest, decrepit and potted, dancing feebly with his 40-year-old bottle-blond secretary while his partner squires a 20-year-old. The two old duffers always poop out early and stagger off to their lakeside tryst.

Trying to gain a reputation as a swinging winter resort has had schizophrenic results on the staid, formal image of the old lodge. A large segment of its summer clientele are *National Geographic* types who tromp the forest looking for birds and take their afternoon tea with lemon. The entire 360-room lodge with its imitation Swiss chalet architecture has been built for them, down to the oak furniture, rubbed and whittled to make it look hand-hewn. Fake totem poles add to the lobby decor.

They come in chartered buses, by train and car from June 15 to September 15, with a 100% occupancy rate in July and August. The gross peaks at $2.5 million annually and a tidy $300,000 net profit. Summer is stretched by opening May 1 and closing September 30. But all these long, cold, closed winter months mean an irreducible operating cost of $50,000 monthly, and no income. Since all the capital costs for a winter season have been prorated on to summer operations, why not stay open?

Promotion manager Marty Lamarche, an English-speaking Quebecker, has grand plans. He is pushing manager Herb Pickering to get corporation headquarters in Montreal to approve sauna baths and a curling

[1] Well, ski fans, you may have noted a few changes around the old lodge—furniture moved, things like that. Oh, yes, and Asmara: she's new. And very athletic.





rink. With the opening of the new Jasper-Hinton airport, the nearest piece of flat land outside the park boundary (40 miles distant), he can now organize chartered ski groups that will jet in from New York and Los Angeles and other pockets of urban affluence.

For the ski-bunnies, when the men are skiing in the mountains or talking business, Lamarche has an idea for a small rope tow at the top of a gentle slope on the golf course. Novices could spend their first few days learning the rudiments within crawling range of the bar and other lodge pleasantries before they dare the peaks a mile overhead. For après-ski skiers — that is, those who don't — there is the heated pool, snowmobiles, skating and a team of Percherons for sleigh rides. And the bar.

Sometimes the flinty-eyed men of the National Park Service, who'd prefer the park to be total wilderness, seem to stand in the path of this progress. All horses have to be moved out of the park at the end of summer so grass-nibbling pack and trail ponies won't deprive the elk of winter food.

Asmara goes snowmobile riding up the valley in the afternoon with headporter Gabriel Gaudet. Gaudet is somewhat smitten by the charms of Asmara, née Sylvia Ashton out of Fresno on the Nile. He takes the exotic Egyptian vibrator over a smooth route on the golf course. But a mild bump accomplishes something that Asmara's contortions have never done. She unkinks a nerve or a vertebra or some such part of her agile anatomy. Asmara is rushed off to the town hospital and the tender oursing of the Roman Catholic sisters. They might never have seen Asmara in action if she hadn't had to demonstrate to the doctors what she could and could not do. Treatment is a few hours in a hospital bed and no dancing that night.

With Asmara out of action, the bar crowd dwindles to the handful of skiers staying at the lodge. Acting manager Archie Grant wants to put on a cover charge over the weekend to make up the loss, but promoter Lamarche talks him out of it. With the house making 30% on the sale of every drink, Lamarche explains, they'll make more money on the bar than they could on the cover charge.

During the summer there are dozens of chefs to prepare the 4,000 meals a day. For the ski season there are just two, head chef Karl Frangi and assistant Norman Lacasse. But the spirit of the winter opening of Jasper Park Lodge is much like the enthusiasm that marked CN's opening of the lodge for the summer in 1922 when permanent buildings replaced some of the original tents. There is one major difference — prices. In 1922 an American-plan single room cost $5 a day.

Yet many things have not changed. In 1971, Jasper Park Lodge is one of the few hotels that doesn't provide television. "If they want TV," says Lamarche, "let them stay somewhere else!" Instead the lodge offers live entertainment under the auspices of Social Director Wilbur Wright. Wilbur has a monthly budget of $2,500 to bring in Asmara, musicians, magicians or whatever will amuse the après-ski crowd. When Asmara goes out of commission the night of her accident, the entertainment is limited to Wilbur playing dinner music on the electric organ, followed by Hans Reisel and his Lederhosen, consisting of a portly Edmonton accordion player and a motley collection of musical hippies stuffed into Bavarian-style costumes.

Manager Herb Pickering had insisted on a genuine Swiss Alpine band to lend authentic character to the ski season. The arrival of The Lederhosen was Wilbur's response to his boss's request, but two of Hans' hairiest music makers with permanently pinpoint pupils were shipped back on the next train east. Their replacements give The Lederhosen a Greenwich Village complexion. Pickering flew off to the Alps last winter to inspect ski resort operations. He found the European mountains turned on by modern rock and came back happily convinced the last remaining authentic Alpine "oompah" band plays nightly at his Jasper Park Lodge.

Just before noon, Hans and his Lederhosen pack up their instruments to protect them from the cold and catch the bus for the Marmot Basin ski slopes. In order to lure skiers on their lunch break to spend the evening at the lodge's nightclub, The Lederhosen put on a short, free performance. For some reason, 8,000 feet up in the Rockies, The Lederhosen do look and sound authentic.

The bus ride from Jasper Park Lodge to Marmot Basin includes a scenic tour of downtown Jasper with stops at the major motels and the CN station. From here the route is south on the Banff highway. After 10 miles the bus pulls off the highway for the 1,800-foot climb to the base of the tows. (Tow tickets include this ride.) The National Park Service recently spent $1.1 million on a new road so skiers can now drive to Marmot Basin.

The 13,000-square-foot ski lodge is cinder-block modern, only lightly blighted by the fake Alpine camouflage of other U.S. and Canadian resorts. A lower level holds the ticket counters, ski shop, rental operation, and the toilets. Above this is an open cafeteria area walled on three sides with plate glass. The best view is to the east. From the window you can see the Banff-Jasper highway 2,000 feet below, confined by snow-sprinkled crags, from Pyramid mountain in the north to Mount Unwin in the south. The south window looks down to the base of the chair lift. The west window features a snow bank, the last dip on the run from Marmot peak.

There are three lifts, a 3,700-foot Doppelmayer double chair and two Hall T-bars. These have a 2,850-per-hour capacity, more than enough, except on weekends when there may be a five-minute wait in the line. Because of the inversion factor in the Rockies, the upper slopes are almost always 20 degrees warmer than the valleys. At the top of the upper T-bar, the altitude is 7,400 feet and the peak rises farther west to 8,557 feet. Experts can ski back down the towline. Intermediates take the more scenic way through the snow-filled bowl.

The future of Marmot is in the hands of the federal government and its park service. Everything built has to have government approval. Nothing escapes its inspection. Everybody pays. At the moment Marmot pays 5% of its gross to the park service. Now that the road to the base of the tows is finished, the government wants two more lifts installed. The actual power at Jasper rests in the old stucco National Park Service regional headquarters in downtown Jasper and with unseen bureaucrats in far-off Ottawa.

On the site the power is in the hands of husky Tom McCready, ski-school director and ex-hockey player. McCready's operation includes eight full-time instructors, mostly locals but with a sprinkling of internationals, drifters who have skied Marmot and stayed on. He has three full-time ski-patrol people on the slopes during the week, augmented by 20 volunteers on weekends. The regulars earn from $285 to $400 a month, depending on qualifications. McCready and his instructors use the Canadian technique starting with the snowplow turn and advancing gradually to parallel. He says that "with middle-aged women, it's too shattering to start them on parallel traversing. At the end of four or five lessons we advance them to the initial stages of parallel powder skiing. Before they can run through the powder in the upper basin we have to get them parallel. If they try anything but parallel up there, they'll dig in."

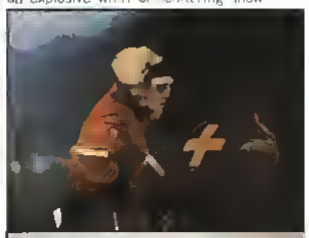
And they do. The ambulance from the hospital in Jasper is kept busy running up and down the mountain road to Marmot Basin. Two ski-bunnies that afternoon chance an expert run and one of the girls tumbles to disaster. She lies quietly in the snow trying to comfort the other girl who is close to hysteria. The ski patrol converges on the accident and sleds the victim smoothly down the mountain. The ambulance is there and the young girl from Edmonton speeds off to the operating room where the doctors mend fractures with an expertise derived from daily practice.

The latest casualty spends the afternoon in a room with Asmara. Both are up and around the next day, the girl with cast and crutches, Asmara, nerve unpinched, gyrating her torso at Jasper Park Lodge. It is an occasion. Instead of the standard fare of Cordon Bleu, Arctic char, or sirloin steak, the maître d'hôtel sends out a flaming fondue of beef preceded by turtle soup and crabmeat. Irish coffee tops off the dessert. (Dinner and breakfast are included in the lodge's daily rate.)

After Asmara has jackknifed to a finish, the ski crowd takes to the dance floor. The beat of Hans and his Lederhosen is too much for one athlete who strains a muscle and has to be carried off the floor writhing in agony. Propped in his chair he watches from the sidelines drinking away his pain. Then the cold hand of Alberta officialdom closes the bar. It is half past midnight on a Saturday. The government wants everybody to bed early. And up early on Sunday for church.

While church bells are pealing, the first buses crowded with skiers start the climb up to the mountain. About the time sermons are being preached in the village churches the Super Continental pulls in from the west. It pauses briefly, then speeds toward Montreal and the Laurentians. Mont Tremblant and the Laurentians and home are only 53 hours to the east, give or take an hour or so. □

The Rockies provide the background grandeur, and skiing provides the thrills for a perfect day at Jasper National Park. Perfect that is for skiers whose reach does not exceed their grasp. A ski patrol (below) swoops in to scoop up an injured athlete whose day ended early. A better way to finish is demonstrated by an expert swirling to a Christie finish in an explosive whirl of scattering snow.





The Real Poor In Canada-



And Why We Don't Know Who They Are

CANADIANS DON'T THINK of themselves as poor — the federal government does. Canadians don't measure themselves in dollars — the Economic Council of Canada does. The result is that we're creating a climate of psychological poverty in this country that has little to do with what is really going on, we're dismissing whole regions as poverty-bound and trying to convince the people of those regions that they are a collective failure when they don't see themselves that way at all.

Those are the main conclusions drawn by sociologist Martin Goldfarb from the fifth **Maclean's - Goldfarb Report,** a study based on a statistically reliable sample of Canadians from all across the land. This report, which in many ways reinforces an earlier survey of Canadian attitudes on success (*Maclean's*, December 1970), suggests it is time we took an entirely new look at poverty, stopped measuring it in terms of arbitrary standards laid down by Ottawa bureaucrats and started viewing it in terms of the plight of real people.

Official Ottawa accepts an arbitrary definition of poverty, one laid down by the Economic Council of Canada in 1968. In its annual report for that year, the council suggested that the poverty line should be drawn for a single person at $1,500 annual income, for a couple at $2,500, and for families of three, four and five or more at $3,000, $3,500 and $4,000. Applying that standard, the council discovered that 4.7 million Canadians live on the wrong side of the poverty line. Its roll call of poverty includes 29% of the nation, more than half of all farm families, 45% of all families in the Atlantic region.

The figures are startling — the ECC called them "a disgrace" — and they have been quoted in almost every brief, article, brochure and book on poverty since they were issued; they are embedded in our thinking, enshrined in the federal government's regional approach to poverty problems.

But are they a fair measure of Canada?

Goldfarb says they are not, that they measure only a part — an important part, but only a part — of what it means to be poor. He does not minimize the human tragedy that poverty is — he calls for a more sophisticated understanding of how it marks the lives of its victims. "Poverty," he says, "is more than a physical thing; it's more than being deprived of dollars; it's an attitude, a sense of defeat, a loss of dignity. But when you probe Canadian attitudes, you don't find that defeat. You find a great many Canadians the ECC says are poor who don't accept that definition of themselves, who say, 'Dammit, I'm *not* poor.' You find such anomalies as the fact that more people in the $8,000 to $10,000 a year bracket consider themselves to be in poverty than in the $6,000-to-$8,000 income group."

In an earlier study on attitudes of Canadians to the United Appeal, Martin Goldfarb Consultants found that people on welfare would rather get food and help from the Salvation Army than from a community agency, because "Once you start on welfare, then you're poor. . . . The Salvation Army has no questions to ask, no demands to make. You're not beholden. You may be down on your luck, but nobody has to classify you as poor to help you."

That's an important distinction, and one that most Canadians make, even if their governments do not. A Prince Edward Island lobster fisherman who supports a family on less than $3,000 a year often can not buy the things he wants, but he lives by the sea in a surrounding he loves, he is his own boss, he has enough to eat, and a sense of pride in his own worth. An unemployed laborer in Toronto or Montreal may have roughly the same income, but may live in a slum, spin out his days waiting for a job, and find himself sinking in defeat and despair. There is no way to equate the two brands of poverty — yet the statistical approach does just that. The ECC's contention that nearly half of the families in the Atlantic area are below the poverty line reinforces the government's tendency to deal with poverty on a regional basis. This is underlined by the fact that we have a federal Department of Regional and Economic Expansion and in the way that department spends its money. Of 22 "special areas" that will receive $200 million in extra aid this year, 13 are in the Atlantic region, and one in Ontario. Yet, even by the ECC measure there are more poor in Ontario than in the Atlantic area (254,000 families against 158,000).

"The implication," says Goldfarb, "is that areas such as Toronto should be penalized, and that is folly."

He does not suggest switching the aid from Halifax to Hamilton, he does suggest that some standard other than the dollar measure should be used to guide our choice of where and how to spend funds. Only by ascertaining people's attitudes toward poverty can we find out who are the truly deprived, he argues, and only when we do that will we end the myth that a man can be made poor by the stroke of a pen.

As the table below indicates only 10% of Canadians consider themselves to be in poverty, compared to the officially estimated 29%; only 11% of Maritimers regard themselves as poor compared to 45%, and the rejection of poverty as a self description is high among Canadians of every region and income group.

—WALTER STEWART

WOULD YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF TO BE IN POVERTY?

PERCENTAGE OF RESPONDENTS	YES	NO
Total respondents	10	89
PROVINCE		
BC	13	87
Prairies	12	87
Ontario	7	92
Quebec—English	11	89
French	13	87
Maritimes	11	89
AGE		
Under 25	6	94
25–34	7	93
35–44	10	87
45–54	13	86
55 and over	15	85
EDUCATION		
High school or less	16	84
Completed high school	8	91
Completed university or better	4	94
LANGUAGE		
English	9	90
French	14	86
INCOME		
Less than $6,000	25	75
$6,000–$8,000	7	93
$8,000–$10,000	9	91
$10,000–$12,000	4	96
Over $12,000	2	95

When does poverty start to hurt?

When Goldfarb respondents were asked to draw a poverty line, the bulk of them — 53% — set it between $5,000 and $6,000 annual income — higher than the Economic Council standards. But 12% of Canadians feel it is possible to get along on $4,000 or less, and another 5% put the figure at $3,000. The average of all the respondents' replies was $5,920. Apparently Canadians set a higher objective standard than the one they apply to themselves because only 25% of those in the under-$6,000 annual-income bracket consider themselves to be in poverty. A further breakdown of this study reveals interesting variations: 27% of those who live on the prairies believe the cutoff point comes at $4,000, while only 14% of Maritimers accept that income level as sufficient. The standards vary with age, too: 26% of Canadians in the 25-44 age group draw the poverty line at $8,000 or higher, compared to 8% of those under 25.

WHAT IS THE MINIMUM INCOME YOU NEED TO STAY ABOVE THE POVERTY LEVEL?

	% RESPONDENTS
$3,000	5
$4,000	12
$5,000	31
$6,000	22
$7,000	10
$8,000	8
over $8,000	12

Average: $5,920

Who are the poor? Not whom you think

The fuzziness of our current approach to poverty appears very quickly when Canadians are asked to identify the underprivileged in society. There is an overwhelming tendancy to pick out fishermen and farmers, lazy people, hippies, addicts, alcoholics and Maritimers. The Economic Council of Canada, in its statistical approach to poverty, acknowledged that more than 83% of Canada's low-income non-farm families live outside the Atlan-

tic area, and more than half of low income families live in metropolitan zones, but the council's dollar yardstick argued that nearly one in every two Maritime families is poor, riveting attention to a single geographic area. The incidence of poverty *is* higher in eastern Canada, but in actual numbers there are more poor in Ontario many more in Quebec, than along the Atlantic coast. Yet the image we have of a typical poor person is that of a fisherman, a logger or a farmer. That's wrong. Typically, Canada's low-income family lives in a city and the head of the family has a job. Senator David Croll, Chairman of the Special Senate Committee on Poverty, has estimated that 68% of our poor are employed.

Because we have accepted a stereotyped out-of work fisherman as our typical poverty case, Goldfarb argues, we have turned the Maritimer into a second-class citizen. "We have created a prejudice against these people, many of whom while they don't have much money are among the most independent, self reliant dignified people in the entire nation."

WHO MAKE UP THE BULK OF THE POOR?

	%
Farmers	17
Fishermen	63
Steel workers	1
Auto workers	1
Civil servants	3
Truck drivers	5
Lumber workers	9
Lazy people	44
Sick people	6
Old people	11
Invalids	5
Mental retards	6
Unwed mothers	2
Hippies/addicts/alcoholics	25
English	5
French Canadians	19
Italian immigrants	9
Jews	3
German immigrants	2
Maritimers	59

You're poor when you lose your pride

Almost as many Canadians consider poverty to be a way of thinking as a set of physical circumstances, and more people believe it is self-imposed than a product of outside circumstances. To researcher Goldfarb, this does not suggest that Canadians accept poverty or think nothing should be done about it but rather that "people don't measure their achievements by how many dollars they have to spend; what they're saying is that if you let yourself lose your pride you're in a state of poverty."

IS POVERTY . . .	
A natural, physical thing	52
A way of thinking	43
Did not state	6
IS POVERTY . .	
Self-imposed	50
A 'can't help yourself' thing	48
Did not state	6

Canadians have love, food and dignity — but not much sex

Basically, Canadians believe they are not badly off — no matter what Ottawa says. More than 80% of all respondents polled by the **Maclean's Goldfarb Report** team judged themselves to have a great deal of love in the home, more than 70% spoke of having a great deal of dignity, friendship and food; only 6% spoke of having little or no money and only 2% of little food. "We are dealing here with the things Canadians consider to be important," sociologist Goldfarb comments, "and we find that Canadians are saying that our value system is working. Our value system was never based on the number of dollars we had to spend, but on our interpersonal relationships — that's what the whole Judeo-Christian ethic is all about. In this vital area Canadians are doing very well."

This fable suggests two areas of concern. First, more than four out of 10 Canadians feel they have only some or little privacy, which suggests to Goldfarb that increased emphasis on housing — as opposed to other aspects of the government's anti-poverty campaign — is necessary. Secondly, a substantial body of Canadians are dissatisfied with their sex lives. Of those polled, 34% said they received "some" sexual satisfaction, nearly one in seven said they received little or none. A further breakdown of the survey shows that many more females than males are satisfied — 45% of females said they get a good deal of sex, compared to 36% of males.

Goldfarb notes: "These findings indicate that some of the restiveness infecting the population may be due less to job dissatisfaction or lack of money than to frustration. Perhaps the government should be looking at factors other than the economic to meet growing unrest."

HOW MUCH OF THESE THINGS DO YOU HAVE IN YOUR HOME?

	GREAT DEAL	SOME	LITTLE OR NONE
Love	81	15	4
Dignity	71	26	3
Prejudice	5	29	65
Self-confidence	53	44	3
Food	71	26	2
Money	23	68	8
Sexual satisfaction	40	34	14
Friendship	72	23	5
Meaningful relation with God	48	37	15
Meaningful relation with brother/sister/parents	69	24	6
Job satisfaction	62	27	10
Privacy	56	38	6
Meaningful relation with church	38	37	24

How to avoid poverty

The four basic tools we need to keep out of the poorhouse are a trade, honesty, a healthy mind and a healthy body, according to the **Maclean's-Goldfarb** study. Respondents were asked to grade qualities on a scale with a maximum possible top score of five. The top four qualities were consistent among respondents of every age, wealth and educational group. "What is interesting here is that you don't have to be wealthy to have any of these skills," Goldfarb notes. "Once again Canadians are saying that the measure of a man is not in dollars, but in qualities open to every single one of us." The findings were consistent with an earlier **Maclean's-Goldfarb Report** on Success which put honesty at the top of a scale of factors leading to success.

A LIST OF SKILLS TO AVOID POVERTY

	AVERAGE RATING INDEX	RANK
Maximum score: 5.0		
Having a trade	3.7	1
Honesty	3.7	1
Healthy mind	3.6	3
Healthy body	3.5	4
Friendly personality	3.2	5
Neat and tidy	3.2	5
Ability to write	3.0	7
Aggressive mind	2.9	8
Manual dexterity	2.8	9
Likes to read	2.5	10
Good looks	1.5	11

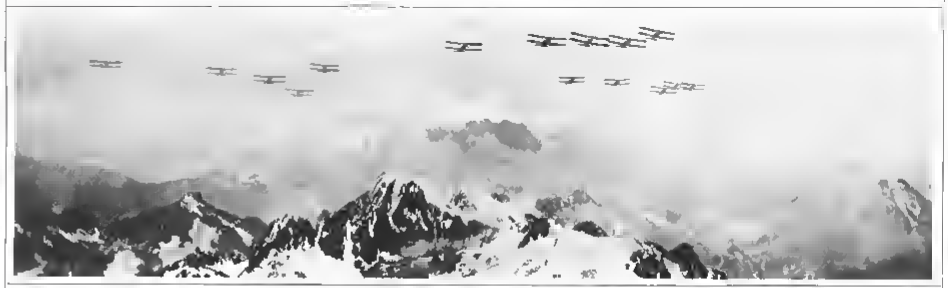
Canadians are also agreed that education is important in staying out of money trouble. "The significance here," says Goldfarb, "is the number of people who say you need at least high school to get along; there's an implication that if you don't get past primary school, you are deprived in some way." □

WHAT IS THE MINIMUM LEVEL OF EDUCATION TO KEEP ABOVE THE POVERTY LEVEL?

Public school	5
Some high school	20
High school	56
Some college	9
College	9
Did not state	1

TO THE SCULPTORS OF CANADA

A Maclean's contest to design a trophy for the air race of the century



MACLEAN'S ANNOUNCES a national contest to challenge the imagination and skill of the sculptors of Canada. The prize is a commission to design a trophy for the winner of the great London-to-Victoria air race — the event that will highlight this year's Centennial celebrations of the entry of British Columbia into Confederation. For eight days in July, more than 100 of the finest aircraft from the world's great aviation powers will wage a step-by-step battle of performance across 5,836 miles of the North Atlantic and the Canadian land mass. Single seaters, Propeller-driven aircraft. Executive jets. All positioned by a handicapping schedule that will bring spectacular mass flyovers to Quebec City, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Victoria. CANADIAN SCULPTORS are invited to submit photographs or sketches of a trophy to be carved or cast in aluminum not higher than 36 inches. The designs must reach *SCULPTURE CONTEST, Maclean's*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 101, Ont., by March 31. THE WINNING DESIGNER will receive $1,000 and be commissioned to complete the trophy. On its completion he will receive another $1,000. These prizes are given by Information Canada Expositions, an agency of the federal government. If the winner is a British Columbian he will receive a further $500 donated by the provincial government. The trophy will be presented along with a $50,000 cash prize to the air race winner. It will also be used in the production of plaques for other award winners and become a copyright of Information Canada Expositions.

MACLEAN'S has assembled the following panel of judges for the contest: Robbins Elliott, Director and General Manager, London Victoria Air Race; L. J. Wallace, General Chairman, British Columbia Centennial '71 Committee; Floyd S. Chalmers, Chancellor of York University, former chairman of Maclean-Hunter Limited; F. B. Mayrs, Chief Designer, Information Canada Expositions; Ralph Tibbles, Director of Graphics, *Maclean's*; Jacques Bourget, Directeur Artistique, *Le Magazine Maclean*; Jon Eby, Art Director, *Maclean's*. Final judging will be completed by April 7 and the winner advised by April 9.

FINAL BRIEFING. Minimum prize — $2,000. Deadline for designs — March 31. Takeoff — now. □

How Kings County, NS, Found The Cure For Despair

One Canadian out of every six will spend some part of his life in a psychiatric institution. Too often that means confinement in dirty, dismal surroundings, a lack of personal care, an end of hope. In Waterville, NS, that pattern has been shattered

BY G. TORI SALTER

WATERVILLE is a small town in Nova Scotia — perhaps it is quintessential small-town Canada.

In a brightly lit studio, a tall angular man in a brown sports shirt leans forward and speaks into the microphone. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," he says, "this is Bill Duncan [not his real name], your disc jockey on the favorite request program. All set? Here we go with our first request: a real swinger — Hank Snow's *Spanish Fireball*."

The day is beginning.

Two men in blue jeans hurry downstairs. "Bill, you got the bait? Boy! are the trout running in the Cornwallis today. Don got four this morning."

The subject of The Newspaper Club's debate is an editorial on ecology in the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald*. The club director reads the editorial aloud, then adds: "You know all about the pollution problem at Boat Harbor. But the question is — what can the government do about it?" The discussion is heated.

"B-a-l-l *two*!" The ball is barely out of the pitcher's fist when "C'mon ya lughead, hit it!" The team is practising. There is yelling, roughhousing, gesticulating. The letters KCH ripple across the backs of players wearing blue-and-white uniforms. The team has had a very good year.

The bond between disc jockey, fishermen, debaters and ballplayers is not just that they live in this same small town. It is that they are all mentally sick — all patients in the Kings County Hospital in Waterville, NS.

More remarkable a decade ago many of them now on the road to mental health and a return to society would have been labeled "hopeless" or "chronic" cases and abandoned to an institutional fate. That was in the days of the old Kings County Hospital, which, as a disturbing number of mental institutions still are, was modeled and run on the lines of a 19th-century lunatic asylum.

Before 1960 the old Kings County Hospital used to discharge about two patients a year as once more fit to live with the rest of us. In 1969 the new hospital was able to discharge an astonishing 59 men and women. In the same year it calculated it had a re-admission rate of 8% — that is, four of those 59 will need further hospital treatment. Elsewhere in Canada re-admission rates range alarmingly from 45% to 60%.

Mental ills and disturbances are increasing in Canada, a nation in which statistically, one in six of the population will in future spend some part of their lives in a psychiatric institution. Yet public and social attitudes toward mental illness have been slow to change.

There is what might be called a "stigma gap" between the incidence of mental illness and the public attitude toward it, which is that the mentally sick are skeletons in society's cupboard and should probably be kept there. This gap has been closed in Waterville, which is why Kings County Hospital has been transformed from a dead-end mental institution to one of the nation's most progressive municipal psychiatric treatment centres.

Henry A. Hiltz, the hospital's blunt and fiercely dedicated administrator, still remembers his first day at the old hospital. As a hospital official showed him round, Hiltz asked, "Why are the patients pressing back against the wall like that?" He was told: "They're frightened. They've been taught to keep out of staff's way, or to expect a kick or a cuff on the ear."

Hiltz says: "It was called a hospital — but it was a place where the sick were not expected to get better. Although the patients suffered from chronic mental illness, no psychiatric treatment was available. A medical doctor looked in on a part-time basis to attend to physical ills, and at death — a welcome release for many — penniless patients were either buried in unmarked graves in a field back of the hospital, or their bodies were sent to the Dalhousie medical school for the use of students.

"The wards reeked of urine and vomit that had penetrated the wooden floors over the years. In the wards, 167 patients had been jammed into space intended for 90. There were no registered nurses, therapists or social workers. Professionally trained people refused to work under such deplorable conditions."

A registered nurse, formerly on the teaching staff of the Nova Scotia Hospital in Dartmouth, Hiltz accepted the job of administrator of the Kings County Hospital in 1959 with the understanding that a new modern hospital would be built within a year. When the year passed without any sign of the new building, Hiltz asked for an explanation.

"We knew the need and sympathized with Hiltz," says Donald Keith, High Sheriff of Kings County and chairman of the hospital board at the time. "Our problem was getting the taxpayers — the people footing the bills — behind us. The public, most of whom had never been in the hospital, weren't convinced of the need."

Hiltz was convinced that at least half his patients could be helped to the point of being able to leave hospital, perhaps even to return to work, if decent accommodation and modern psychiatric care could be provided. To convince taxpayers, he spoke in public halls, service clubs, churches, at Home-and-School meetings, whenever he had the opportunity.

As a result, the new mental hospital achieved the status of a worthy cause in Kings County. In 1962 the new 250-bed institution — described by some architects as "the prototype of the mental hospital of the future" — was opened. The long split-level building, constructed of buff brick with banks of picture windows paneled in rose and sky-blue glass, is reminiscent of a Holiday Inn. It cost two million dollars. Of this, $800,000 was underwritten by the now sympathetic municipality, the balance came from provincial and federal governments.

With new and progressive facilities Hiltz was able to obtain the topflight, highly motivated professional staff he sees as the hospital's greatest strength.

Dr. P. P. (Joe) George, one of the hospital's two full-time psychiatrists, says: "About one third of our patients are adult mental defectives (at present incurable) and geriatric cases suffering from arteriosclerosis and senile brain disease. Little can be done for these patients, but we can make them comfortable by treating their physical ailments and add some happiness and a sense of usefulness through occupational therapy.

"About half the rest of our patients suffer from schizophrenia. Basically we have adopted the 'therapeutic community' concept in treatment. We make use of modern psychiatric treatment involving chemotherapy, electroconvulsive therapy (ECT), as well as group, occupational and spiritual therapy."

Administrator Hiltz has in large measure achieved his aim. He has proved that with proper treatment and care many of the degraded, hopeless patients of the old Kings County Hospital could return to the community. "We've discharged about 85 of those patients," he says. "They were the easy ones. Now we're getting down to the tough cases — and we're still discharging them. We send them back to their homes, to nursing homes and foster boarding homes. Many have returned to work. In the past eight years the hospital has discharged about 400 patients."

A former patient, now employed as a housekeeper, speaks for many in the old hospital. "Living there was like being caught up in some terrible never-ending nightmare," she says. "There was no privacy at all. In our bathroom, there were two old-fashioned toilets for 40 to 50 women, and one open tub behind a meagre partition. It was dreadful. The only thing that kept me going was my faith in God. All day I'd work as an unpaid maid, cleaning and scrubbing, but no matter how hard you worked you couldn't get the stench out of the place.

"There was no treatment other than pills, and no therapy. Sometimes all we had to eat after a hard day's work was bread, pudding and tea.

"When we moved into the new hospital I felt like a human being again. There was occupational therapy instead of scrubbing, a doctor to treat you and the kind of food that didn't

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ELECTROHOME

CURE *continued*

leave you feeling hungry. The new hospital cured me."

An Annapolis Valley farmer who regained his mental health adds: "In the new hospital men weren't separated from the women. Guys who hadn't used a razor in weeks — and then only when they were forced to — began to shave every day. The ladies sure perked us up."

In the new hospital a variety of therapeutic programs were set up to stimulate the patient, stir him out of his apathy, and encourage independent action. In the creative hobby room, I found one man finishing a copy of a Model T Ford, cleverly contrived from squares of black cardboard and discarded X-ray film. Built around a wheelchair, it later won prizes as a float at two local fairs.

Every member of the hospital staff, including the kitchen help, gets involved. About 18 months ago, a staff meeting discussed the problem of crippled patients, who, because they can't get out of the hospital much, live in an institutional shroud. Nurse Mrs. Pat Fraser suggested: "Why don't we build our own swimming pool right here on the grounds? And let's get a new bus — one that can be fitted with wheelchairs. We can raise the money ourselves." The meeting unanimously approved the scheme, which meant raising $100,000.

First they staged a walkathon in which 85% of the staff participated. It netted $8,000, and is to be a yearly event. A lottery with 10,000 nickels as first prize added $2,000.

The top ticket seller was plump, affable Mrs. Dora Parrish, the hospital pastrycook. She sold $511.14 worth of tickets. Then broadcaster Loran Fevens, from nearby Kentville, and organist Mrs. Dot Taylor, of Middleton, cut a record called *Merry Christmas From Us* and donated more than $1,000 to the fund.

Today, with $13,000 in the kitty and plans to raise the remaining $87,000, the hospital staff has purchased the bus.

Despite these signs of progress, administrator Hiltz notes there are hurdles still to be faced. "We need psychologists," he says. "There's also a great need for halfway houses and for a sheltered workshop."

But money and facilities are only part of the answer. As Hiltz showed me the hospital, a troubled girl with close cropped blond hair ran up and pressed her forehead against his chest. "Please," she said in a small, thin voice, "help me. I'm lost . . ." Hiltz held her gently for a moment, then took her arm and directed her to her ward. "You're not lost," he corrected her. "You're among friends." □

How To Spot The Danger Point In Drinking

BY M. L. CHAZOTTES

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR a great many Canadians who don't drink — or don't drink much — gather around the punch bowl, or the bar, in the name of merriment. Some of them wind up drunk, or sick, or both, without ever intending to, without really knowing why. So this is a good time to shatter some of those old boozing myths, such as the notion that a pre-party stomach liner will keep you from getting drunk, or that black coffee will sober you up again.

How you handle your liquor depends on a number of things. It's not simply what kind of liquor you drink, how much you imbibe at one party and how fast you do it — although all these things are important. It also depends on how heavy you are, what you have been eating for the last few days and even highly technical matters such as how well your liver happens to be working at the time of the big bash.

As soon as an alcoholic drink hits the stomach, the alcohol begins to be absorbed. Unlike most substances we eat and drink, alcohol has the ability to pass into the system through the walls of the stomach instead of waiting until it gets to the small intestine.

Paradoxically, this doesn't explain alcohol's rapid action, since only about 20% of the total taken in passes through the stomach wall. There seems to be a built-in control mechanism that keeps the stomach's absorption of alcohol to a fixed, steady rate. This is why some of the popular "stomach-lining" substances, designed to slow down the absorption of alcohol, are a waste of time if you take them before a party. All you'll get is a false sense of security.

The rapid, uncontrolled absorption of alcohol takes place in the small intestine. Yet even here the human system tries hard to protect itself from the ravages of reckless party-time drinking. Between the stomach and the small intestine lies the pyloric sphincter—a valve that regulates the amount of food leaving the stomach to ensure that the digestive juices have had time to act. When irritated, the pylorus valve clamps shut — and strong alcohol is one of the substances that trigger this action. The pylorus will pass most of your first drink into the small intestine. The second drink starts the closedown, and if a third drink follows too soon the pylorus decides it's time to take emergency action and simply bottles up the stomach's contents where they are, slowing, but not stopping, alcoholic absorption.



Eating while you drink also retards the absorption of alcohol into the system. Although milk won't help you much if taken before a party, it does act as a cushion if you drink it with your liquor. The idea of alternating milk and gin and tonic may not appeal to all partygoers, but there are other food substances that are just as effective. Among them are butter, cheese, meat and eggs — in fact, all foods rich in protein. One of the safest slow-action Christmas and New Year's drinks is good old-fashioned eggnog!

Water, too, when taken with or just after a drink, cushions the alcoholic assault on the system because of its

Weight in lbs.	Number of drinks									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
100	.038	.075	.113							
120	.031	.063	.094	.125						
140	.027	.054	.080	.107	.134					
160	.023	.047	.070	.094	.117	.141				
180	.021	.042	.063	.083	.104	.125	.146			
200	.019	.038	.056	.075	.094	.113	.131	.150		
220	.017	.034	.051	.068	.085	.102	.119	.136		
240	.016	.031	.047	.063	.078	.094	.109	.125	.141	

What you weigh determines your drinking capacity. The chart shows blood-alcohol counts resulting from average-sized drinks. Above .050 (two drinks for a 140-pound person) indicates some impairment, more than .150 means drunk.

days have become hours.
hours now minutes.
minutes now seconds.



how come?

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advertising helps
good things happen.

diluting effect, but carbonated mixes undo all the good that dilution may achieve. The carbon dioxide gas that creates the fizz brushes all the stomach's defenses aside and ushers the alcohol straight into the small intestine.

If you know you have had one or two too many at a party, what can you do to minimize the aftereffects? Not much. Once alcohol is in your system, the only thing your body can do is oxidize it — burn it up. This process is steady and inexorable. Nothing can speed it up — although general ill health and liver disease can slow it down drastically. And while the alcohol in the blood is awaiting its turn for processing by the liver, it is present in the breath, which is where a police Breathalyzer test can pick it up.

Deep breathing, violent exercise, even a steam bath, do nothing to burn up alcohol any faster. What about strong black coffee? The caffeine may be a powerful enough stimulant to bring a sleepy celebrator round. But at best you've exchanged a sleepy drunk for a wide-awake one. He's still drunk.

Granted, if you go to a party and don't want to be the only stone-cold upright, uptight guest in the place, you'll want to drink something. But if you want to avoid a hangover next day — and, more important, if you have to drive home — here are the basic rules.

☐ *Delay the first drink for as long as you can — up to half an hour if possible.*

☐ *Ask for weak drinks (1.5 ounces maximum liquor), and avoid mixed cocktails containing gin and vodka. Use plenty of ice and water or a non-carbonated mix to make a long drink.*

☐ *Sip slowly. Make the drink last at least 30 minutes.*

☐ *Wait 30 minutes after you finish your first drink before you accept your second. Wait one hour after your second before you start your third.*

☐ *Use the table on the previous page to calculate how much you can drink, based on your weight.*

Of course, this is only a guide. If you prefer the fast, certain anesthesia that the bottle brings (and the inevitable hangover) it's your choice. But here's something to remember. In the movie *2001 — A Space Odyssey* the hero reduces Hal, the mighty computer, to a babbling infant by progressively disconnecting his higher intellectual centres.

That's how alcohol in the blood works on the brain ☐





A rain forest marches up the mountainside in the Pitons du Carbet area of Martinique. Not far away — nothing's far away on this Caribbean isle — surf and sand provide a scenic backdrop for the author

Bilingualism, Biculturalism, The Beguine, And *Blaff!*

BY DORIS FRENCH SHACKLETON

WE TOOK OUR WINTER holiday in Martinique, to try out our limping French on neutral ground and found it delightful. You may walk cautiously in Quebec City, wavering between apologetic English and worse French, but you expand in a glow of exuberance in Martinique, where they happen to be straining at their ties with France and welcoming new links with North America. That's how inside out politics are these days.

Besides — we say it flatly and brook no contradiction — Martinique is the most beautiful island in the Caribbean. It's about 45 miles long and 20 miles wide with a deeply indented coastline. It has a colorful past and cherishes it (the Empress Josephine was born there) along with scenery of unusual splendor: mountain slopes covered with rain forest, deep-cut valleys and a profusion of anthuriums, bougainvillia, poinsettia. I saw blue hyacinths, which I nurse with great care at home, wild in a swamp. Along one coast are beaches of white coral sand; farther north the sand is black — a reminder that Mount Pelée is a slumbering volcano that erupted as recently as 1902, wiping out the city of St. Pierre, a cultural centre of the Caribbean. You walk through its rough outlines of stone today, and see the new town rising literally on the old ruins. A fisherman's son for a franc, shows you the underground prison where the sole survivor was found — one out of 40,000.

At St. Pierre one day at lunchtime we put ourselves in the hands of Leon, our taxi driver. He led us to what seemed to be the only restaurant, upstairs in a worn frame building near the waterfront, but we had been on Martinique a few days and we had our appetites ready. We had a peppery fish soup, pork fricassee with yams, country bread, a cheese tray and local wine. Madame Camut Emile, who ran the place, urged us to try her own coconut liqueur. We stayed a long time in the joyful company of Madame Emile, Leon and one other patron, and even found ourselves in-

volved in the unlikely business of translating an advertisement at Madame Emile's request. How do you say *repas variés*?

Noon lunches, running into the lengthy siesta when shutters are closed in Martinique, turned out to be one of the great pleasures of our stay; we found we could turn into any small village on our ramblings and expect an excellent French cuisine. One day we visited the green plantation in the hills called *La Pagerie*, once owned by a family whose daughter Josephine went to France at the age of 16 to marry an aristocrat, found herself a widow when Alexandre de Beauharnais was beheaded on the guillotine, and married the Emperor Napoleon. There's a little museum there, with love letters, girlhood souvenirs and bits of furniture from the old plantation house which was destroyed in a hurricane. We walked from *La Pagerie* to the village of Trois Ilets, seeing the old church where Josephine was christened and where her mother and sisters are buried. It was too late then to get back to our inn for lunch, so we tried a walk-in café on the street with four tables between the ice-cream freezer and the door. It had a glorious name, *Café à la Reine Hortense* (for Josephine's daughter, queen of Holland). And there we were ceremoniously served homemade soup, *blaff* (small delicate fish steamed whole in a thin tangy sauce), cheese, crusty bread and a *confiture* made by the proprietress from the local date-like fruit of the tamarind tree. It was a long, long way from the A & W.

Like most places in the Caribbean, Martinique is reached by local airways flying out of Antigua, where the jets come in from New York, Canada and the rest of the world. It's only a short hop of less than an hour from Antigua. You touch down at Guadeloupe (also French) and English-speaking Dominica. Then you're at Martinique's Lamentin airport, a bright, handsome place, and customs officials require a little French, but pass you through without problems. In fact we met a New Jersey couple who had somehow got through, though they said only "*Merci*" (as "mercy"). We met them in a restaurant trying desperately to order Nescafé. They had asked for pancakes and were eating ham and eggs. We extended our dubious bilingualism — their gratitude boosted Canadian morale nine points.

Not many tourists have tried Martinique. Cruise ships unload their passengers for a few hours at Fort-de-France, the capital (100,000), where there's a downtown section of free-port stores with Limoges china and French perfume. At the hotels we met several visitors from Quebec, one couple from Winnipeg ("40 below when we left"), a handful of Americans with long-haired, lagging offspring, some Europeans. Which left us with lots of time to talk to the Martiniquais.

The island is 95% Negro. There is no open hostility, and no noticeable segregation. The large middle class reflects a great deal of racial mingling: the light coloreds are called "*chibans*." The upper class are called *békés* (with a grin) but we never got a translation for that one. The *békés* are white and French and insulated in their centuries-old culture, still owning many of the vast estates which grow bananas, sugar and pineapple. On nearby Guadeloupe the *békés* were all beheaded during the French Revolution, but Martinique, which was in British hands at the time, was quietly prospering. In 1815 it was returned to France, and has now evolved to the status of an overseas department, sending deputies to the French National Assembly.

One of those deputies is also the mayor of Fort-de-France, the head of a left-wing party dedicated to greater autonomy, and a well-known poet in the French language. His name is Aimé Césaire, and you can buy his books of poignant poetry in the local bookstore. His phone number is listed in a little bilingual wonder called the *Touristic Guide* for any curious tourist to call. (English section: "Two seasons are noted: the fresher and dryer, from December to May, with a period of extreme drought, the *carême* from February onwards; the second, much warmer, from June to November, with a particularly rainy period, called 'the rainy season', sometimes marked by cyclones or 'gusts of wind.'" If that confuses you, we can vouch for February, which had neither drought nor cyclones, and if people were observing *carême* (Lent) it wasn't restricting their happiness any.)

Fort-de-France has an ancient stone fort dominating the harbor and a tall monument to the Empress Josephine gracing the central park they call a *savane*. If you covet French silks or inexpensive cameras this is a good place to shop, and there are local items on sale such as red pottery, big straw hats, and the knotted kerchief headdress called *le madras*. It's tied according to the lady's marital status or inclination, with two erect points for the happily married, one for the gal who is engaged. You buy one for about five francs.

A franc is around 20 cents, and two of them will get you a boat ride of memorable joy across the harbor from Fort-de-France to Anse Mitan, where we stayed at a good, small inn. You can, if you wish, go for Hilton-type accommodation in a choice of three or four new American hotels. Or you can try out several modest places, as we did, where you talk French to the best of your ability, with smiles all round, enjoy the sun and surf, and eat extremely well. We thought we had the best of both worlds when we strolled over from Auberge de l'Anse Mitan through the black evening to the brightly lit Bakoua Hotel to take in the floor show. One night a week a local troupe performs the old dances and songs, dating back to slave times, and they are beautiful young people indeed, very tall and very proud. The beguine originated in Martinique, and its music is still enjoyed there.

Look for local pride, not servility, in the Caribbean these days — it's there in Martinique. No old-servant type addressed me as "Mistress" as they still do sometimes in Barbados. No doubt Martinique has domestic troubles ahead — there's a vast younger generation growing up and some unemployment. But it's a fascinating composite of prerevolutionary France and steel-band Caribbean. It's perfect for your French immersion course, with *blaff*. □

AIR CANADA OFFERS year-round 21 day excursion fares to Martinique with daily flights leaving Toronto or Montreal for Fort de-France. The cost is $251 return and you transfer at Antigua for the connecting one-hour flight to the Martinique capital.

Accommodation on the island ranges from $22 a day double with breakfast and dinner included at a plain motel type establishment or $29 a day double at an excellent small inn (again with two meals) to as high as $75 a day at American-style hotels. In addition, there is a government tax of 10% on accommodation plus gratuities. Car rental runs from $10 to $12 a day, but is worth it because there are a lot of things you shouldn't go home without seeing.

The currency in use is the French franc at an exchange rate of about five francs to the Canadian dollar.

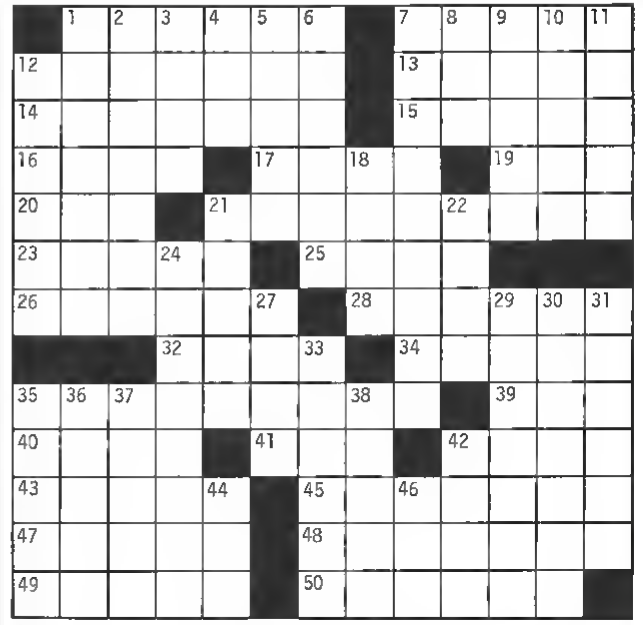
You will need a passport and a vaccination certificate.

Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People: No. 6

BY BELLE HAMILTON

Horizontalement
Interprétez en anglais

1 Quitter ses affaires (6)
7 Grippe sou (5)
12 Amusant (7)
13 Fin (5)
14 Acte de politesse (7)
15 Nuance de couleur (5)
16 Saignant (4)
17 Petit prophète hébreu (Douay version) (4)
19 Masse minérale (3)
20 Bille (3)
21 Préserve la tranquillité d'esprit (9)
23 Inactif (5)
25 Préfixe signifiant à l'extérieur (pl.) (4)
26 Satellite de la planète Neptune (6)
28 Peuple du Caucase (6)
32 Indice de solution d'un problème (4)
34 Déesses grecques de chansons et de danse (5)
35 Plastique (9)
39 Croix-rouge de Genève (abbr.) (3)
40 Os du dos (4)
41 Constellation du nord (3)
42 Persephone, prénom féminin (4)
43 Secte (5)
45 Symbole pour exprimer une série (7)
47 Cosmétique des cheveux (5)
48 Unisexuel (7)
49 En tatine d'avoine (5)
50 Ne pas céder (6)



Dawn
Salva in French

1 Steelyard (7)
2 To come into view (7)
3 Butt (4)
4 On earth (3)
5 Small cheese pastry (5)
6 President Pompidou's residence (6)
7 Grammatical error (9)
8 Reciprocator of attection (3)
9 Basic stuff of parchment (5)
10 Upset (5)
11 Subdivisions of mankind (5)
12 Color (6)
18 Universal and International Exhibition (4)
21 Fit for duty (5)
22 Descended from (4)
24 Organizes anew (8)
27 — Alliance between France and Russia (1890 1917) (4)
29 Wring out! (7)
30 Burrowing (7)
31 Port of call (6)
33 Stain black (6)
35 Transmitter of sound (colloq.) (5)
36 Harmonized (5)
37 Elasticity (5)
38 Enlarging lans (5)
42 Demonstrative pronoun (4)
44 Japanese coin (3)
46 Stationed (3)

ANSWER. ACROSTIC NO. 5
(JOHN) NEWLOVE
By The Grey Atlantic

Among the green trees of Vancouver
It was being in a dream,
A dream of life, remembered,
The future recalled, dream man,
Dream woman, walking.

Here by the grey Atlantic
It is being a dream
Of death remembered,
The past recalled, dead man,
And dead women, talking.

DIRECTIONS *The clues are in French and English: you fill in the diagram with answers in English and French. What you remember of your high school French should crack the toughest clue. Bilingual Crossword appears every other month, alternating with Canada's Toughest Acrostic. Answer to the puzzle above will appear next month.*

Another in a series of progress reports from General Development Corporation.

The new Florida we're building will still be a haven in the 21st Century.

"We have made a commitment to the future. Our communities have been thoughtfully built so that the people who come here will always enjoy the same bright sun, sparkling water, clean air—the same quality of life we offer today."
—Charles H. Kellstadt



Is it possible to build a thoroughly civilized community in a natural Eden —and still preserve the character of the Eden?

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If you were to visit the new Florida, you would find neighborhoods of curving streets and remarkably varied architecture. Schools and churches, playgrounds and places of recreation that form natural "hubs" of interest. Shopping centers and clubs planned for attractiveness and convenience. Paved roads, canals, culverts, bridges and dams.

And yet, in our planning, acres of unusual beauty are being retained in their natural state.

Long before "Ecology" became a national watchword, General Development maintained a game preserve at Port St. Lucie.

The same environmental awareness has led to the appointment of a full-time aquatic ecology director.

All this costs money, of course. But it lets us fulfill our commitment to the future. It helps us develop communities that will be as pleasant to live in in the 21st Century as they are today. And if past experience is any guide, the money we spend on such things brings ample rewards to the people who invest with us, here in fresh start country.

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Recent expansions: 106 room company-owned Ramada Inn at Port Charlotte. Luxury mobile-home parks started at Port Charlotte and Port Malabar St. Lucie Hilton Hotel under construction. Essex House Apartment Homes opened in Charlotte Square Garden. Construction of a new golf course and country club at North Port Charlotte.

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Chairman of the Board
and Chief Executive Officer
General Development Corporation
1111 South Bayshore Drive
Miami, Florida 33131

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Power To The People! One Fan, One Vote! Let's choose our own NHL All-Stars!

BY JOHN MACFARLANE



WHEN I SEE A FILM, such as *Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid* or *Goin' Down The Road* I know when I leave the theatre whether or not I liked it, but I am often less sure about whether or not it was a Good Film. For that judgment I usually turn to the critics, because a film, like any representation of life — a painting, a sculpture, a play — is a work of art, and evaluating it requires a knowledge of, for instance, the techniques and history of film-making which I don't have. Simply to have seen the film isn't enough.

But a hockey game? Well, when the siren sounds at the end of the third period I'm never in any doubt about whether or not I've seen a Good Game. And when I turn to the sport pages the next day it's not to compare notes with the hockey writers, what I want to know is what my team's coach is going to do about that leaky defense! Hockey isn't an art, it's a sport (in the case of professional hockey, an entertainment), so there are no critics, only experts. And like most Canadian hockey fans, like you, perhaps, I acknowledge few authorities on the game more expert than — well, more expert than I am.

That's why I'm uptight about the selection of the National Hockey League all-stars. On January 19 this year's mid-season East and West Division all-star teams meet in Boston in the forty-first annual NHL all-star game. The real all-stars, of course, aren't chosen until the end of the season when, instead of getting to play in the all-star game, they get just plain old money. But who chooses the all-stars? You and I and the millions of fans who directly (by buying tickets) and indirectly (by supporting TV sponsors) pay the shot? No, it's the hockey writers who have all the fun, 42 of them, three from each of the 14 NHL cities. It's like asking the press gallery to elect the prime minister!

Power to the people, I say. It doesn't take any special genius to recognize the talents of Bobby Orr, Phil and Tony Esposito, Brad Park, Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull — just to mention last year's first team all-stars. Oh, it's true, the hockey writers see more games than we do, and they take pains, we're told, to make the all-star selection more than a popularity contest (who would have won a popularity contest last year, if not Bobby Orr, Phil and Tony Esposito, Brad Park, Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull?), but there's this in our favor: ours is the only objective view of the game, because — no dressing-room privileges, no friends among the players — the game is all we have to go by. Of course, I don't expect the hockey writers or NHL president Clarence Campbell to agree.

Well, who needs them? On this page is your ballot for the *Maclean's* National Hockey League All-Star Team. It's an opportunity for you, the fans, to vote for the hockey players *you* consider all-stars. All you have to do is write in your choices in the spaces provided, tear the ballot out and mail it to All-Star Team, *Maclean's*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 101. The deadline is February 1. We'll announce your all-star team selections in the April *Maclean's*. No, the players won't get any money, just the satisfaction of being chosen by the people who really count — that's you, fans, that's you. □

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CENTRE

LEFT WING

RIGHT WING

DEFENSE

DEFENSE

GOAL

SECOND ALL-STAR TEAM ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

CENTRE

LEFT WING

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MOST VALUABLE PLAYER

MOST SPORTSMANLIKE PLAYER

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

COACH OF THE YEAR



FILMS

To you, dear reader, from our critic— the best of the season

BY JOHN HOFSESS

IF THE TWO DOZEN new films opening during this holiday season were foodstuffs, it would be a ghastly smorgasbord. There's *Song Of Norway*, an immense marshmallow wholly lacking in nutritional value, *There's A Girl In My Soup* is pretty thin gruel, *Love Story* offers mounds of whipped cream, *The Great White Hope* chunks of dry, stringy fowl. Unfortunately there is no bromide for movie-dyspepsia, so you have to be careful what you eat. The following guide should help prevent indigestion.



Ryan's Daughter. Playwright Robert Bolt (*A Man For All Seasons*) and director David Lean (*Lawrence Of Arabia, Doctor Zhivago*) have created in *Ryan's Daughter* an immensely satisfying film, one of the most beautiful and intelligent love stories ever brought to the screen. Rosy Ryan (Sarah Miles) is a young, dreamy Irish girl who falls in love with Charles Shaughnessy (Robert Mitchum), a schoolmaster twice her age, in the small town of Kirrary in 1916. After several months of marriage she realizes that Shaughnessy, though a kind and considerate man, is perfunctory and even dull as a lover. She has an affair with a young British officer, Major Randolph Dorian (Christopher Jones), which becomes a public scandal hotly denounced by the Roman Catholic townsfolk as not only adultery but also treason. Her husband becomes a subject of ridicule, she an object of vilification, yet their marriage survives and even matures. What elevates *Ryan's Daughter* from the level of pulp fiction is its insight that there are forms of love, like the Greek concept of hubris, which overreach human potential and cannot survive. Rosy's love for Major Dorian is in many ways a perfect union between a man and woman, her marriage, by contrast, is full of dissatisfactions and compromises. Yet it is her marriage that survives and her special, once-in-a-lifetime relationship that perishes. The photography of Freddie Young is outstanding, and actors Trevor Howard, Leo McKern and John Mills round out an excellent cast.



Where's Poppa? There are so many "restricted" movies being released for the holidays that 1970 could be called the year that Hollywood put the "X" into Xmas. Carl Reiner's *Where's Poppa?* uses four-letter words gratuitously, and even if it's intended as revenge on all the TV situation comedies where a single parent (usually a widow) rules the roost, it is tasteless, witless satire. George Segal is competent in the thankless role of a middle-aged Jewish lawyer trying to rid himself of his mother, while Ruth Gordon (several degrees dottier than she was in *Rosemary's Baby*) is thoroughly grotesque as his senile mother who watches television from morning to night, pours Pepsi-Cola on her breakfast cereal, and when introduced to her son's newest girl friend (winsomely played by Trish Van Devere) makes disparaging remarks about the size of her son's genitals. No film since *Myra Breckinridge* has striven so hard to be risqué and shocking while wallowing in infantilism, and there is nothing in *Where's Poppa?* that is not more brilliantly dealt with in Philip Roth's novel *Portnoy's Complaint*.



I Never Sang For My Father. None of playwright Robert Anderson's work (*Tea And Sympathy, You Know I Can't Hear You When The Water's Running, I Never Sang For My Father*) is first-rate, but director Gilbert Cates has drawn from veteran actors Melvyn Douglas, Gene Hackman, Estelle Parsons and Dorothy Stickney such moving performances that this offbeat film about the relationship of a father and son has a profound impact. It ends with the words, "Death ends a life, but it does not end a relationship which struggles on in the survivor's mind toward some resolution which it never finds. What did it matter if I never loved him, or he never loved me? But still, when I hear the word 'Father' ... it matters." In a single sentence *I Never Sang For My Father* achieves a compassion most films today fail to acknowledge.



The Private Life Of Sherlock Holmes. After a series of sporadically amusing films (*The Fortune Cookie, The Apartment, Some Like It Hot*) director Billy Wilder has created a minor classic in this sly debunking of Sherlock Holmes (Robert Stephens) and Dr. Watson (Colin Blakely), sustained by a gentle humor that winks knowingly at the furtive vices of Victorian England.



Cromwell. A thinking man's epic. Alec Guinness gives a fascinating, low-key performance as Charles I, pitting his wits and will against Richard Harris as Oliver Cromwell. The rise of Puritanism in 17th-century England is clearly a subject of passionate interest to writer-director Ken Hughes, for he brings the ideas of the era to life with an illuminating lucidity, but the film is weakened by warring elements of its own. Hughes' determination to draw parallels between Cromwell's fight for a just society and the revolutionary politics of today frequently distorts the material and leaves one feeling less in the presence of a good drama than a dull and dubious thesis. And Frank Cordell's score is loud, pretentious and employed with an astounding insensitivity.



The Owl And The Pussycat. The disappointing public response to his first feature (*Good-by, Mr Chips*) may explain why director Herbert Ross has turned to sophomoric and sleazy material in *The Owl And The Pussycat*. In its lowbrow ideas and values the film tiresomely resembles *Never On Sunday* — a bookish egghead (George Segal) becomes infatuated with a kindhearted prostitute (Barbra Streisand). They have a love-hate relationship for most of the film and can barely stop feuding long enough to make love. The film has only one strength, Miss Streisand's effervescent comic talents, she is delightful and genuine, though the part is pure fakery. As for Buck Henry's screenplay, there is better dirty writing on washroom walls.

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FILMS continued



Scrooge For those tired of the grim, incorrigible world of the 11 o'clock news, there is refreshing relief in *Scrooge*, the happiest and most charming musical of the year, guaranteed to make you feel like dancing in the streets. Albert Finney, who in *Tom Jones*, *Two For The Road* and *Charlie Bubbles* proved himself an actor of wide-ranging talent, adds a new dimension to the character of Ebenezer Scrooge, portraying him as a romantic idealist in his youth so thwarted by the world about him that he could only cope with life as a cold mean-spirited miser. At the heart of the film there is Charles Dickens' optimistic faith in rationalism (show a man the error of his ways and he'll obligingly change himself), which in 1970 is like believing in Santa Claus.



Tristana Luis Bunuel's newest work is not only the best film of 1970 but also one that invites repeated viewings for years to come. Catherine Deneuve surpasses her performances in *Belle de Jour* and *Repulsion* as a woman of icy sensuality, the perfect embodiment of Bunuel's sexual mystique (previously developed in *Viridiana* and *Exterminating Angel* with Sylvia Pinal and *Diary Of A Chambermaid* with Jeanne Moreau). The subject of *Tristana* is the tyranny of love, physical and spiritual possessiveness, the mood one of acerbic, dark humor, with the actors, photography and editing perfectly and brilliantly controlled by Spain's foremost film director now at the height of his creative powers. □

MUSIC

How to take a little of the financial whammy out of buying records

BY URJO KAREDA



Yossarian: chocolate chip cookies and cheap records

ONE OF THE persistent tremors of our common everyday paranoia is that we are all — inconspicuously but constantly — being *taken*. We know that we're forced to pay too much for luxury items, yet they function as emergency relief against day-to-day weariness.

Records, for instance: more than five dollars for a spinning piece of plastic that may, at best, yield imperfect or temporary pleasure. But who could forgo them? There is multiple joy, then, in evading the full financial whammy, in finding our own private bulwark against The Markup.

An intriguing gesture in this direction is the experiment of Yossarian, a minimal-profit record store in Toronto's Rochdale College. A scribbled sign at the entrance offers the credo: "This store is an attempt to stop some of the record industry rip-off."

Yossarian (the name being a tribute to the anti-profiteering hero of *Catch 22*) began on June 15, 1970 as a table in a doorway at Rochdale. The idea was that people would come in and place orders for records, which the store would then obtain from the distributors and sell at the wholesale price. Paul Herman, who runs Yossarian, recalls that day: "We had 30 orders for records. It just made sense. If our records were so much cheaper, everybody would be eager to buy them."

Herman, who is 19, traveled in England and Spain before going to Berkeley, where he found out about Leopold's, the prototype for Yossarian which was run by the Berkeley students council. Back in Toronto, he found himself jobless — "I couldn't even get the ordinary crappy jobs with this long hair" — until he thought of Yossarian. He had never worked in a record store before. "People kept telling me that you couldn't run a record store without having worked in one first. It's a lie, the fallacy of the expert. Yossarian seemed a good way to make money and still not screw people."

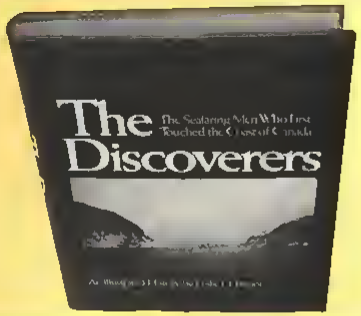
Most record manufacturers don't peddle their own products to the record stores but sell them instead to subdistributors — "rack-jobbers" — who then get them into retail outlets. The rack-jobber gets a special deal from the record manufacturer, the record store gets a special deal from the rack-jobber. "They're a strange cutthroat world," says Herman.

Herman attempted to persuade the record manufacturers to sell directly to him, hoping to find lower prices, but the manufacturers, informed of the Yossarian ethic, weren't anxious to do so. (Ed Colero, regional sales manager for Columbia Records, admits: "They called me, yes, but we weren't interested in another retailer. We have enough retailers in the area.") Herman then pursued the sub-distributors, playing one rack-jobber off against another until he finally found one who was willing to offer a low price for a small, largely hypothetical, order. "Just who our sub-distributor is — that's classified information," grins Herman. "But hell, they're all listed in the yellow pages."

Soon Yossarian discovered that — almost against its will and principles — it was building up a stock. "We just started getting stock, not on purpose. People would not pick up the records they'd ordered, and we'd have them on hand. Or one out of every 10 people would ask for the *Woodstock* album anyway, and it was simpler to keep copies around." So in October Yossarian moved to larger premises (still at Rochdale) where it could display its stock of records — all on consignment from their rack-jobber (this means that the records are really rented to Yossarian, which doesn't "own" them until after they're sold to a customer).

Now, Yossarian prices include a 5% markup — staggeringly low — which Herman sees as purely a service charge ("It's so that we can pay six salaries — $35 a week — for the people who work here"). The savings are still startling. The new Bob Dylan album on Columbia, for instance, lists at $5.29. A big discount house such as Toronto's Sam The Record Man sells the record for

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$4.49. Yossarian's price is $3.90.

By the end of November, Yossarian was selling $500 worth of records a day. 'Yossarian isn't out to make any great changes in society,' says Herman. "Our function is mainly educational to show how inflated the retail prices are. It's unrelated to the cost of the goods. Pure consumerism. Some of the record companies are setting up their own stores now to cut out the middlemen."

There are indeed strange, incestuous relationships in the record industry. The sales manager for one of the large record companies can also be found working as the sales manager for one of the sub-distributors. The new record store in Toronto's fashionable Colonnade is owned by Columbia Records, with the ratio of Columbia labels to others about four to one.

Yossarian, with its committed chaos, stands against all this. The store is friendly, filled with semi-familiar odors, and as you look through the racks you may have to step around the occasional dog. You can also buy homemade chocolate-chip cookies, or used clothing, or candles. Yossarian will still let you order any record. You can also rent records. Or you can have a whole record played for you. Or get a cash refund if you're not happy. (When was the last time any of that happened to you at a record store?) There is the feeling of sharing in a liberating — and legal — conspiracy.

At the moment, Yossarian is the only store of its kind in Canada. But what is to prevent other groups from following the pattern, banding together for mass orders at wholesale prices? The record manufacturers and the rack-jobbers toss away the idea. "I haven't even thought of the possibility," answers Columbia's Colero. "Impossible," argues Taylor Campbell of Pindoff Records, a rack-jobber. "A minimum order has to be $2,000, or 500 records."

But somewhere there's that distributor who was willing to work with Yossarian. And Yossarian is willing to work with you, eager and anxious to help anybody else get started. "At the moment," says Herman, "the middle-class buyer doesn't know about us, and the quality of records is going down and the prices are going up. But if other Yossarians start then we can start putting pressure on the industry." □

LOOK FOR/BOOKS

The Revolution Game, by Margaret Daly (New Press, $8.50 cloth, $3.50 paper), **The Children's Crusade**, by Ian Hamilton (Peter Martin, $6.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Given devious interference by Ottawa politicians and mandarins some still-wet-behind-the-ears radicalism among volunteers in the field and a headquarters crippled by personal ambitions and bad management, the Company of Young Canadians hadn't much chance from its beginnings. Miss Daly writes as a professional journalist and provides some revealing insights into a few CYC successes in the field. Ian Hamilton was on the headquarters staff where he learned disenchantment. The two books complement each other nicely, but it's a sad story whichever you read. □

Beyond Habitat, by Moshe Safdie (Tundra Books, $10). In the Israeli-born architect Moshe Safdie and in Habitat, his experiment for Expo 67 with a design for city living that would be different from both the highrise and the suburb, Canada has gained a great deal — although, as this book makes clear, Habitat was not constructed without controversy and bitterness in government quarters, among architects, and in the building trades. Safdie's book is undoubtedly one of the significant publications of the year in Canada, and the author emerges from it as a rare individual, a humanist deeply involved in practical efforts to change and improve the contemporary environment. □

TELEVISION

Pity the poor Canadian in a two-channel town—he's got a lot to lump

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL





He either likes *Julia* or *The Andy Williams Show* or lumps it

THANKS TO AN accident of geography, Toronto is now a television viewer's paradise. The number of channels available and the variety of programs they carry are almost absurdly excessive. At 7:30 p.m. on a recent Friday, for instance, a Toronto cable-TV subscriber could hum and ha over the following selection of shows: *High Chaparral* (NBC), *The Interns* (CBS), *The Brady Bunch* (ABC), *Don Messer's Jubilee* (CHCH, Hamilton's independent station), *The Nader Report* (Ralph Nader's tough consumer series mounted by Public Broadcast Service, the American non-commercial network), *Dear Mom And Dad* (a sensitive BBC documentary about foster homes broadcast by the Ontario government's new educational channel), *Julia* (CBC), the last half of *The Andy Williams Show* (CTV), the last half of *Hawaii Five O* (the Barrie station) and the last half of *Gunsmoke* (the Peterborough station). No other city in the world, not even New York, offers such a freedom of choice.

Small wonder, then, there is growing resentment among viewers forced to rely on the two Canadian networks for their TV fare. While audiences in Toronto and other border areas are presented with a banquet, their fellow taxpayers in the one- and two-channel towns are served scraps. On Friday evenings at 7:30 they either like *Julia* or Andy Williams or lump it.

The Canadian Radio-Television Commission has ruled that this inequality of entertainment opportunity must continue. Deprived areas cannot pipe in programs from the United States by microwave and even fewer U.S. shows will be carried by the Canadian networks. One can applaud the CRTC decision on sound patriotic grounds—especially if one is an out-of-work TV actor living in Toronto — because it is designed to rescue a native TV-production industry being strangled by alien mediocrity. (Significantly, all but one of the 10 shows listed above were produced abroad.) But the situation remains patently unfair. It can begin to be justified if — and only if — have-not viewers can be assured that the limited foreign content they do see is the best television available in the world. In recent years both CTV and the CBC, which has a greater obligation, have met this admittedly difficult responsibility by some truly remarkable displays of bad judgment. How are they doing this year?

Better, but still not good enough. Canadian network chiefs picked up four new drama series from Hollywood this season out of 10 offered for sale. Two of the four, *The Most Deadly Game* and *Matt Lincoln*, will be axed by the American producers in midseason and a third, *The Interns*, deserves

to be Only *The Storefront Lawyers* can be counted a popular and critical success

The Most Deadly Game (CBC) is not worth weeping for The idea had possibilities TV needs a crisp whodunit But this soggy, miscast mishmash — the plots are neither fishy nor foul nor full of good red herrings — is an insult to the genre *Matt Lincoln* (CTV), in which Vince Edwards plays Ben Casey playing Freud, is at least a respectable production It probably would have wowed us in the fall of 1962 But today as with *The Interns* (CBC), the conflicts seem mock-heroically banal once again a husky heterosexual Catholic priest has to choose between chastity and a chesty blond chick, for the nth time a young intern realizes that the Hippocratic oath compells him to save the life of the sick beast who raped his wife Television is a machine for converting honest drama into cheap melodrama by way of repetition

The Storefront Lawyers (CBC) avoids that error The underlying thema for many of the new American drama series was social relevancy *Lawyers* is one of the few productions that manages to make relevancy authentic Rather than inventing phony conflicts, it concentrates on problems in the real world — exploited Mexican labor, ghetto rent gougers, callous welfare bureaucrats — and resists the temptation to find easy solutions Unfortunately Hollywood, overreacting as usual, has decided relevancy was a mistake and the series will shortly undergo major surgery The storefront will be closed and the lawyers will retreat to the Nixonian haven of their establishment law office Good-by real world

The networks fared slightly better with the two series imported from Britain *UFO* (CTV) is science-fiction set in the near future and technically just as accomplished as *Star Trek* When the plots stick to the main premise — that Earth is constantly under attack from an alien star system — it is good escapist fun The production falters badly, however when it attempts to explore the sort of metaphysical realms for which the 1968 series *The Prisoner* was justly celebrated The *Somerset Maugham* series (CBC) is embarrassingly uneven In terms of atmosphere and attention to historical detail, it conveys an enthralling picture of the ceremony of European innocence being drowned between the wars Dramatically, there is far too much padding The movies *Trio* and *Quartet* proved that Maugham's short stories can work as drama — but ideally as 30-minute episodes

The new comedy imports follow the same haphazard hit and-miss pattern *The Partridge Family* (CBC), an American sitcom from the smart-kid-versus-adult-boob factory, is simply atrocious *Monty Python's Flying Circus* (CBC) is more crude than zany and appeals to a minority audience at best Only *The Odd Couple* (CBC) exhibits genuine wit and humor; its stars, Tony Randall and Jack Klugman, have the strength to keep the series going once Neil Simon's original material runs out

To be fair to the Canadian networks, this has not been a vintage year for TV anywhere There are a lot of shows we can be grateful they *didn't* buy But there are also several shows Canadians in the hinterland should be seeing *Medical Centre* now in its second season with CBS, is the most polished hospital drama around NBC's *Four-In-One* embracing four six-episode minseries, has the greatest potential of any Hollywood drama production this season *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and *The Flip Wilson Show* are both comic light years ahead of *The Partridge Family* At least two BBC series — *The First Churchills* and a dramatization of *Cold Comfort Farm*—ought to be broadcast in Canada Until some or all of these shows make it on to the Canadian networks the have-not viewers have every right to demand that CRTC be collectively impeached □

CONTEST

Help us write a new tourist guide...for people we don't like

Contest No. 59

"What this country needs," writes Maud Crinchley, a little-old-lady friend of *Maclean's* "is a new source of advice for tounsts I refer both to Canadian tourists and friends from below the Great Undefended Border" Miss Crinchley sends along some examples, as follows

"Visitors to Montreal with no knowledge of French will find that English spoken very loudly and clearly will elicit a warm response in French-speaking boutiques, restaurants and *boîtes à chanson*"

"Newfoundlanders have a marvelous sense of humor When touring the island province it is wise to begin every conversation with a smile and a hearty Heard any good Newfie jokes lately?"

"As a Frenchman loves Paris, so does a Canadian love Toronto For this reason Torontonians traveling in the boondocks should always volunteer firsthand information about the number of lanes in the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway and the amount of money to be made in our most exciting metropolis"

Readers are invited to contribute to Miss Crinchley's singular compendium for intrepid tourists Address entries to Contest No 59, *Maclean's* 481 University Avenue, Toronto 101 Deadline January 22

Results of Contest No. 57

What do we think we know for sure? Well —

□ That Winnipeg's Portage and Main is the coldest corner in Canada

□ That no artist can make it in Canada until he makes it in the U S

□ That the Montreal Canadiens could still clobber the Czechs and the Russians

□ That it couldn't happen here

Those were the four most duplicated entries in our contest to find a distinctively Canadian credo, a consensus of truisms and prejudices held by that elusive creature called the Canadian The response was heartemingly heavy and many of the entries had a sharp edge about them that suggested stronger motivations than frivolity It was a difficult contest to judge because representativeness rather than originality was the key Insight, felicity of phrasing and — in some cases of exact duplication — post dates influenced the judges To the authors of the following $10 each We believe, then

□ That it's easier for Freoch Canadians to learn to speak English than it is for English speakers to learn French (Mrs Peter Graham, Gatineau, Que)

□ That the Canadian "cultural mosaic" has somehow made us more civilized than the U S "melting pot" has made Americans (Mary Marchak Payne Winnipeg)

□ That there are no trees in Saskatchewan (W J Low, Prince George, BC)

□ That it would do our young people a lot of good to live through a Great Depression (Mrs S M Friesen, Surrey, BC)

□ That Ontario supports the rest of the country (Howard McNutt, Ottawa)

□ That you never notice the cold up north because it's a *dry* cold (William Bedford Scarborough, Ont)

□ That American history is more exciting than our own (Louise Rachlis Toronto)

□ That Canada has the safest banking system in the world (Margaret J Clark Sundridge, Ont)

□ That Canadian whisky is much better than U S whisky — but not quite so good as Scotch (A M Hurter, Beaconsfield Que) □



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